HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV.—No. 197.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1860. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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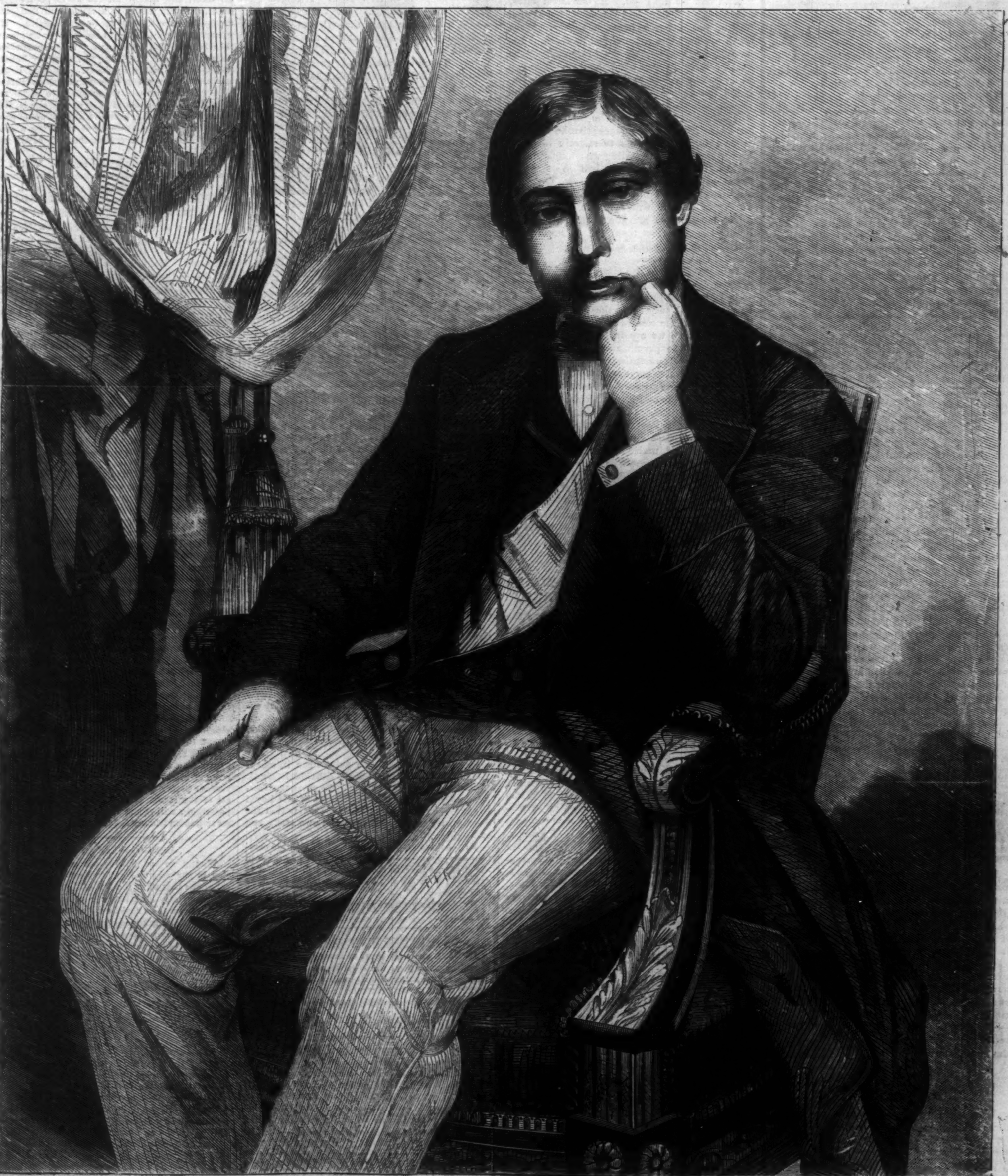

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.—[FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.]

SEED-WORDS.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word,
From careless lips that fell,
Forgot, perhaps, as soon as said,
And purposeless as well.

But yet, as on the passing wind
Is borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded, as a flower,
Or as a noisome weed—

So often will a single word,
Unknown, its end fulfill,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
Of actions good or ill.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 6, 1860.

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

THE census-takers are progressing with their work, and straggling returns are coming in. As a general rule, they prove that the progress of the country has been rather under than over-estimated, and that the population of the United States will be found to exceed the highest estimates which have been made.

That progress, however, has not been uniform. We have few or no returns from the South, but it is not expected that either the cities or the rural districts in the Southern States on the sea-board will show any thing more than the natural increase. Louisiana and Texas may prove an exception to the rule, as both have been aided by immigration; New Orleans will undoubtedly show a large increase, and so will Mobile, and one or two other cities; but it is not expected that the increase in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia will be large.

It seems doubtful whether New England will show any increase at all. New England supplies so many farmers to the West, and retains so few foreign immigrants, that the natural increase of her population is more than counterbalanced, and the returns may show that she is actually less populous than she was in 1850. There will be exceptions to the rule, of course. Some towns where manufacturing has been actively developed will naturally figure to advantage in the census returns; but the seaboard cities will probably show a falling off, and so will the rural districts.

The great increase since 1850 has been in the West, and in the large cities of the Central seaboard States. We presume that New York and its suburbs, Philadelphia, and Baltimore will all show a large increase, as also will some other cities dependent on these, and situate further inland—as the towns on the Hudson. But when we want to find the millions which are to be added to our population, we must go to the Far West—to Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, and Minnesota. Some of these States have doubled in the ten years—even those which had quite a respectable population in 1850. The increase appears to have been pretty equally distributed; town and country have grown alike. Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis have doubled in population; Illinois, it is said, will show 2,000,000 against 1,000,000 ten years ago. To the traveler it seems as though there were no farmers in the West, so vast is the extent of untilled land. The receipts of grain at Chicago—now the first primary receiving market in the world—tell a different tale, and the census confirms it.

The rate of growth of cities has not been uniform, as the following table shows:

Cities	1850.	1860.	Increase.
St. Louis	77.860	161.000	83,140
Cincinnati	115 436	158,000	42,564
Milwaukee	20.061	45,000	24,934
Detroit	21.019	43.834	22,815
Cleveland	17,034	43.550	26,516
Zanesville, Ohio	7,929	9.212	1,283
Columbus, Ohio	17.882	18,638	756
Dayton, Ohio	10.977	20,132	9,155
Washington, D. C.	40,000	61.400	21,399
Providence, R. I.	41.543	49.914	7,871
Rochester, N. Y.	36.403	48,096	11,693
Trenton, N. J.	6,460	17,206	10,746

Immigration tends Westward, as far as railroads and other means of locomotion will permit. Nobody wants to stay at the East. Even Ohio is too near the ocean. Cleveland has gained handsomely since 1850, but the other cities of that State rather disappoint their friends. It is evident that New York and Chicago are becoming nuclei which will, in the course of the next ten years, grow to the disadvantage of intermediate cities. As in France there is but one Paris, and in England but one London, the tendency here is to one metropolis—New York—with numberless thriving primary dépôts, such as Chicago, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and the manufacturing towns of New England.

PROGRESS IN ITALY.

When last we spoke of the war in Italy in these columns Garibaldi had just invaded Sicily, and to all but those who believed in his success in defiance of obstacles the future was still a problem. A few weeks have elapsed, and now nothing is problematical but the future of the Papacy and of the Eternal City.

The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies has ceased to exist. Let all men render thanks to an all-wise Providence. It lasted long enough to teach the world the hopelessness of expecting any thing of the Bourbons, and long enough to cure the European democrats of their crazy notions about a socialist republic. Had Naples been purged of the Bourbons in 1848, it is probable that a republic would have been established which would have lasted just long enough to disgust every one, and would have made way ere this for a military despotism. Ferdinand and Francis served their country better than they know—they kept Garibaldi's place warm for him, and prevented its falling into stronger hands than theirs. Now they are gone, and in this again they have served their country. Under a new Government and a liberal system—monarchy or republic, it matters not—the Neapolitans, Calabrians, and Sicilians will, in course of time, become useful creatures, and will contribute their share toward the commerce, the wealth, the civilization, and the progress of the world. Once more, let God be thanked.

And now for the Pope. At our latest dates, Piedmontese troops had invaded the Papal States, and a battle between them and the horde of foreigners commanded by General Lamoricière was impending. Of the result of the war, however the first battle may go, there can be no question. As to the foreign powers, England remains passive; Austria, Prussia, and Russia protest, but in protesting, declare they will do nothing to prevent the intervention of Sardinia; Napoleon announces that he has tried every thing in his power to restrain his ally, Victor Emanuel, but finding that monarch impervious to argument and deaf to entreaty, abandons him to his own devices. Thus the coast is clear, and nothing short of a miracle worthy of Loretto will save the Papal States from incorporation into the Kingdom of Italy. Before the first frost there will be nothing in Italy that is not Italian, save only, perhaps, the Eternal City of Rome.

It is possible that the city of Rome may follow the example of the Campagna, and be absorbed in Victor Emanuel's dominions. It will be no easy task to prevent the Romans sharing the perils and the rewards of their extra-mural brethren. Still we are inclined to think that Napoleon will not permit, and that Victor Emanuel will not seek, to extinguish the Pope. No enlightened Protestant, even, would like to witness the utter overthrow of an institution which, with all its faults and all its stains, was coeval with the establishment of Christianity, and for fifteen centuries its centre and corner-stone. The chances are, that when all Italy, save only Rome, is united under the sceptre of Victor Emanuel, some scheme will be devised, similar to that which was proposed by the Emperor of the French, for the maintenance of the Pope in a sort of municipal dignity and seeming independence in Rome. The Independence will not amount to much, but perhaps it would be better than an exile.

THE WEALTH OF NEW YORK; AND HOW IT IS GOVERNED.

The State Assessors have just assessed the value of the real and personal property subject to taxation, within the State of New York, at nearly fifteen hundred millions of dollars, considerably over one-third of which lies within the county of New York—that is to say, in the city itself. The actual valuation of the city property is $550,078,778. This is considerably more than the value of many European principalities—as much as that of a respectable kingdom. If there were a million of inhabitants in the city, this valuation would allow $550 to each of them, which is considerably above the average of any capital in the world.

It is disheartening to think that, while the wealth of New York has thus grown at so prodigious a rate that our city can now compare favorably with most of the capitals of Europe, which are a thousand years old, its government has gone backward, year after year, and corruption has fully kept pace with material progress. The tax levy has increased, within a few years, from five to ten millions; though the property valuation grows at an unprecedented rate, it is outstripped by the advance in the taxes.

The secret is to be found in the base neglect of duty by our respectable citizens. We hear it often said that the cause of the failure of universal suffrage in our large cities is the influx of foreign immigrants, and especially the preponderance of Irishmen, who are ever led by priests or demagogues, or bought and sold at the polls. But this is a mistake. There have never been foreigners or Irishmen enough in New York to carry an election against our respectable classes, if the latter had only fulfilled the civic duty of voting. It is the neglect of this duty by respectable men which constitutes the strength of the Irish and their friends. It is because merchants, and lawyers, and doctors, and clergymen, and men of property generally shun the polls that the Irish vote rules the city, and the taxes increase at the rate of a million a year.

In such a city as this, the Aldermen and Councilmen should be men of the highest character. It should be the highest aim of an honorable citizen to fill a seat in the Common Council. That Council ought to be, in fact, the natural stepping-stone to the halls of Congress. Instead of this, there is no position in which you are more likely to find publicans and rogues than in the city corporation; and to have been an Alderman or Councilman not only does not entitle an individual to public esteem and higher promotion, but almost disqualifies him from reception in decent society.

Thus it will ever be so long as our respectable classes neglect their duty and leave the control of elections to the rabble and to ignorant foreigners.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST IN NEW YORK.

At length a substantial union of the parties opposed to the election of Lincoln has been consummated in this State, and we shall now be enabled to test the actual strength of the Republican party in New York. Hitherto the Republicans—though they have latterly secured the control of the State through the divisions of their opponents—have always failed to command a majority of the popular vote in New York. There is a reason why they should fare even worse in November than they fared in 1856; the ostracism of Seward has undoubtedly alienated from the Republican cause the personal adherents of the New York Senator. At the same time the Republicans are confident, and the late hour at which their opponents have combined will tell against the fusion party. It takes time to organize; and the anti-Republicans have but little.

It is probable that, as usual, the Pennsylvania State election will be the key note for the grand performance in November. If the Democrats carry Pennsylvania, they will probably carry New York also, or at all events New Jersey; and in either event, Mr. Lincoln's chances for the Presidency will be small. In the House, it is obvious that his prospects would be less flattering than those of any of his competitors, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Breckinridge.

THE LOUNGER.

A NOTE FROM MR. JENKINS.

Mr. Jenkins begs to present his compliments to the Lounger of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. Jenkins has observed that, in common with most of the other leading papers in the country, the *Weekly* has indulged in comments upon the reports of the details of His Royal Highness's visit communicated by Mr. Jenkins.

Mr. Jenkins asks himself why this is. In his double capacity of representative of the highest power in the country—the press—and of the most recherché* society of the metropolis, Mr. Jenkins superintends the observation of the daily conduct of His Royal Highness, whom he has invariably found to be urbane and attractive in demeanor. The columns of careful description which Mr. Jenkins furnishes, at the particular request of the leading editors, and which the Lounger, with his accustomed politeness, mildly derides, are published for a purpose and upon a principle.

The purpose is public amusement and instruction.

The principle is, the profit of the proprietors.

Mr. Jenkins, therefore, humbly submits that, as his lucubrations are published conspicuously and at length, either the public enjoy them, or the proprietors make a great mistake. But as the latter proposition is clearly untenable, it undeniably recurs that the public enjoys his efforts.

Why then does the public laugh? is the question which Mr. Jenkins, with all due respect, permits himself to propound.

Or, not to put too fine a point upon it, *who is Jenkins?* A hired professional individual (Mr. J. deprecates the expression), who describes the trowsers and surveys the fine-tooth comb of His Royal Highness—or the public which demands that the description shall be written for its own study and entertainment.

Mr. Jenkins respectfully submits (with his compliments) that (to descend to slang) the Jenkins in the reader, which is the occasion, has no right to sneer at the Jenkins in the writer, which is a mere consequence.

Mr. Jenkins presents his compliments and pauses for a reply.

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* Mr. Jenkins, in the present note, begs, with his compliments, to inform the rural districts that this is a French word, pronounced rayshairshay, and signifying upper crust.

EATING HUMBLE PIE.

Humble pie is the most unsavory but the most digestible of all pies. No other leaves such a pleasant taste in the mouth. It makes the next one a hundred-fold more palatable. There are people who can scarcely persuade themselves to try even a very small piece, who, when they have once fairly eaten it, find it so light and toothsome that they eat it upon every occasion with the utmost satisfaction. A man who lives habitually upon humble pie is apt, indeed, to be in rather a low state of health, and it is to be recommended rather as an occasional lunch than as a constant food. All pastry is pernicious, the doctors assure us; but then Bacon tells us that occasional excess is beneficial; and there is no doubt he must have had humble pie in his mind—or his stomach—when he said so.

Why can't newspapers eat it like other people? Why must they wince and make wry faces and swear they won't touch it; and when they are compelled to, try so hard to make believe that they haven't eaten a bit of it? Why should a newspaper, which, by the necessity of the case, is compelled to be a whispering gallery, suppose that of all talkers it is least likely to be mistaken? It is the peculiarity of a newspaper that its words have more weight and are more lightly spoken than almost any other. Yet when baking day comes, and the nicest possible humble pie is served up smoking hot from the oven, and placed before the newspaper, it shrinks and shirks and smiles and says, "No, thank you, I don't care about it;" or "No, thank you, I never eat pie;" or "Thank you, humble pie always disagrees with me, and the doctors think it affects my sinews and interferes with my circulation." It makes every possible effort to avoid the delicate tiffin, and when it can not escape, bolts the whole pie, and coolly denies that there was any, or that there was the slightest occasion for any.

Now this bolting your food does no good, but is a positive injury. Instead of making it an airy, digestible morsel, which would heighten your healthful color, and supply all the fibrin your system needs, bolting makes it a crude and dangerous mass—dangerous, that is, to your health. If a newspaper, for instance, grumbles over its pie and then bolts it, the world says, "I don't want such a sour, dogmatic, unwilling visitor at my house;" and the world shuts its doors. "Why," it says again, "did such a gadabout and gossip suppose that I thought it was never going to make mistakes? All I can ask of it or of any one is, that, when it goes too far, commits any excess of error, it will endeavor to atone for it by eating a small piece of humble pie to restore the tone of the system."

Prove these things, gentle reader. Watch the conduct of any newspaper compelled to eat humble pie, and say if it be not amusing and pitiful.

HUMAN LIFE, GOING! GOING!

It is now estimated that four hundred lives were lost upon the *Lady Elgin;* and the coroner's verdict is, substantially, that the second mate was incompetent. No, no; it wasn't the second mate, and it isn't the captain, it is the public which is to blame. It is you and I who are guilty, in not working incessantly until our Legislatures pass some much more stringent laws protecting human life than any which now exist.

We sigh and groan rhetorically over those four hundred victims. We are loud in our asseverations that they ought to have been secured against disaster; that the captain and the company, and all others concerned, should have been held liable in advance. We say any thing that occurs to us to mark our indignation that no measures were taken to prevent the catastrophe, and yet here, in New York, we are quietly and confidently waiting to see Mr. F. Coppia, a pupil of Godard, ascend in a fire-balloon and go to the—clouds. If he does it, his life is, in all human probability, the forfeit; and yet to whom of all of us who declaim about the *Lady Elgin* has it occurred that it ought to be stopped, and Mr. Coppia sent about his business? For, granting that he does it only to swindle people out of their money, and that measures will always be taken to prevent the ascension, yet the law should assume that he means to do it, and by forbidding it also save the swindled citizens from further loss.

It is curious to speculate as to the precise moment when the law might interfere. In many parts of the East a man will kill himself if you will give his family fifty dollars. Suppose that some careless hero should advertise that he would leap from the top of Trinity spire into Broadway, if he could make up a purse of a hundred dollars for his wife and children, would the law not say to him, "My good fellow, we can't prevent a man's killing himself; but when we know that he is going to make the attempt, we will be there and stop him?" Is there any difference in the case of Coppia?

You think that a law against suicide is rather absurd? You think that people may be left to defend their own lives against themselves at their own risk? You think that a fool, who goes up in a fire-balloon and is never heard of, will prevent a score of other fools from going after him? Then you are perfectly right in believing that the interest of the steam company in the safety of their passengers will secure that safety, and laws to preserve human life *are* folly.

HIS HOLINESS AT HOME.

While we are drifting toward our great election in the midst of excitement of all kinds, but conscious that after the 6th of November we shall all fall quietly back into our various pursuits, Europe appears to be rapidly approaching changes the issue of which is not so computable. But they are, all of them, only phenomena in the great popular revolution of which the development we call "modern times" is only the history. The authentic and coherent history of the race begins with accounts of a few individuals. The mass of men are scarcely mentioned. From the individuals we proceed to classes, as in the feudal ages; and thence we enter upon the great theatre of the movement of the masses of men every where to secure for each one of themselves the opportunities which were monopolized first by the chief individuals, and then by the chief classes. And so History completes its cycle by individualizing every man, as it began by individualizing a few men.

The struggles of a century are only steps in this progress. If you take the beginning of the sixteenth century and Martin Luther as your points of departure, you may reason logically to the English Revolution of 1645—to the American Revolution of '76, and the French Revolution of '87 and '93. Then, by an easy step, you reach the Italy of our day: the Carbonari: Garibaldi.

The French Emperor belongs to the same movement. He is the crowned revolution. Louis Napoleon in France and Victor Emanuel in Italy are leaders in an irrepressible conflict with Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia. There is a natural hostility between the darkness of Asia and the light of Europe; and Russia and Austria are still semi-barbarous powers.

The complication in Europe at this moment, therefore, is very curious. Russia and Austria embrace. "We ought never to have been parted," they sob in each other's arms. England, Prussia, and Austria agree to watch France. "It was all very well while she fought in Italy for an idea," growls England; "but when she fights for provinces [Savoy, etc.], bless my soul! that's an entirely different thing." At the same time, however, England says to Austria, who leans upon her arm, "Austria, dear! if Hungary rises and Russia interferes it will not be to the satisfaction of Europe."

Meanwhile France sits silent while Italy, with a murmur of joy at the incredible deliverance, hastens to the side of Garibaldi; so that the tidings of his advance clear the way, and the prestige of his genius frees his country by bloodless battle.

The Bourbon has left Naples: in the name of humanity, let us hope forever. What next? Why, the Pope comfortably housed in the Vatican, with the spacious garden to air himself in, and no perplexing cares of temporal state beyond the garden-wall. It is sunny and silent that Vatican garden. Pagan statues serve as the genii of fountains and grottoes. There are sombre cypresses and twinkling ilexes, and gravel-paths of meditation between. The Vatican palace is the most famous in the world. It is spacious, and splendid with treasures of art. St. Peter's is close at hand—in fact, a chapel of ease to the Vatican—where his Holiness can go to church and preach when he pleases.

This is manifestly better than to be bothered with such tuppenny mundane affairs as the temporal politics of the Roman Campagna and the City of Rome; although, if you can get the people to agree to try it, you might retain the city for the appanage of the Pope.

Now France wants him limited to the Vatican and its purlieus, and England will not object to that arrangement. Russia is schismatic, and holds to the Greek Church. Is Austria likely to try to hold the triple crown on to the slippery brows of his Holiness? Nor can it be said to derange the equilibrium of Europe. Properly speaking, the Papal States have never been a Power. They have been a convenient "Guy" for Austria; and, since 1849, for France. If the French troops were to be withdrawn to-morrow, the Pope would take French leave of Rome to-night. Nor ought any one to be surprised if any steamer should bring news of a letter from Louis Napoleon to the Holy Father, assuring him of his protection as Pope, and begging him not to oppose himself to the wishes of the people of his States, his faithful servants in the Lord, but not by any Divine appointment his loyal subjects in the State.

Probably Garibaldi's road to Rome lies through Venice.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

One of the pleasant points of a Lounger's life is, that good books are occasionally sent to him; most of which he reads, and all of which he would notice if he could, and if such a proceeding would not instantly turn his columns of miscellaneous conversation into an exclusively literary department. Besides, should he do so, there is no knowing but that the poet and philosopher who writes the "book notices" (whenever he can get a chance, but that is not very often) would take to Lounging. However, any true Lounger will sometimes happen in at the book stores, and turn over the books, and run his eye along the pages to catch the flavor, as it were.

And the pleasantest possible flavor he will find it to be if he chances upon the little, very little volume of "Lectures upon the Physical Forces," by Faraday. It is a little book of great value to little people. For at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in which Faraday is Professor, he delivered, during the last Christmas holidays, a series of six simple lectures, in which the great principles of gravity, heat, magnetism, electricity, etc., are set forth in a really delightful manner. With the illustrative experiments for which Faraday is famous, and which are all mentioned in the book, the satisfaction of the young people must have been immense. The lectures were taken down phonographically, and in speaking it seems the learned Professor, like other Englishmen, uses phrases which are generally supposed to be exclusively American. On page 117 he says: "Suppose I take a pellet of cotton, and moisten it with a little ether, and put it into a glass tube......*I expect* I shall be able, etc." The frank colloquialism of these lectures is charming.

"Wheat and Tares" is a brief, brisk little story of English life to-day. It is sharp and racy, and, withal, a tragedy of a kind much more frequent than the mere novel reader supposes.

In the "Queens of Society" we have a series of brilliant sketches of such women as the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Miss Landon, Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Staël, Recamier, and Maintenon, Mary Countess of Pembroke, upon whom Ben Jonson wrote the best of epitaphs:

> "Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse;
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
> Death! ere thou kill'st such another
> Fair, and good, and learned as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

It is a kind of book always most entertaining from the detailed glimpses of manners and character.

And here is the first issue, being the eleventh volume, of the sumptuous American edition of Lord Bacon's works. It is a reprint of the London edition, and is not inferior to it. It is an honor to the public taste that demands, the enterprise that undertakes, and the skill that executes such a work as this. The editor-in-chief is James Spedding—the J. S. of Tennyson's poem. Every man who has at heart the honor and success of our publishing and printing crafts, and the improvement of literary taste by making the best books the most attractive, will sincerely wish a large sale of this noble work.

The second volume of Palfrey's "History of New England" has been recently published, and is as admirable as its predecessor. The opening chapter upon primitive manners and customs of New England is full of curious interest. The volume brings the history down to the year 1668.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

Two or three weeks since, the Lounger quoted from the London *Saturday Review* some very absurd attempts to convict Mr. Godwin, the historian, of plagiarism in his history. The same spirit of literary discourtesy which so frequently manifests itself in English notices of American performances is betrayed by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., in his late "Dictionary of old English plays." In an appendix to that work he gives a list of "Editions of Shakespeare," and he names every edition but that of Richard Grant White, one of the most careful, comprehensive, and sensible of all. Mr. White's Shakespeare is a triumph of special scholarship, which the English Shakespearians, naturally, perhaps, but rather ungenerously, might find convenient not to name. But from many of them it has received the warmest recognition. That Mr. Halliwell omits it can not be the result of ignorance. Mr. White's commentary is the application of common sense to Shakespeare; and his estimate of the intrinsic value of the Collier folio is now verified by general acceptation. There is something so especially unjust in depriving a scholar of the fair reputation of his work, that the Lounger is glad to join the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* in exposing the omission in Mr. Halliwell's list.

THE LATE PRINCE OF WALES.

Of course this title does not indicate the punctual young potentate who meets all his appointments so promptly—but his grand-uncle, the late lamented monarch George the Fourth, Defender of the Faith. In the next number of *Harper's Magazine* Mr. Thackeray's paper upon that Prince will be published, and from the sheets of the next number of the *Cornhill* the Lounger snatches these reminiscences of him by the same hand:

"Elderly gentlemen were in their prime, old men in their middle age, when he reigned over us. His image remains on coins; on a picture or two hanging here and there in a Club or old-fashioned dining-room; on horseback, as at Trafalgar Square, for example, where I defy any monarch to look more uncomfortable. He turns up in sundry memoirs and histories which have been published of late days; in Mr. Massey's History; in the Buckingham and Grenville Correspondence; and gentlemen who have accused a certain writer of disloyalty are referred to those volumes to see whether the picture drawn of George is overcharged. Charon has paddled him off; he has mingled with the crowded republic of the dead. His effigy smiles from a canvas or two. Breechless he bestrides his steed in Trafalgar Square. I believe he still wears his robes at Madame Tussaud's (Madame herself having quitted Baker Street and life, and found him she modeled t'other side the Stygian stream). On the head of a five-shilling piece we still occasionally come upon him, with St. George, the dragon-slayer, on the other side of the coin. Ah me! did this George slay many dragons? Was he a brave, heroic champion, and rescuer of virgins? Well! well! have you and I overcome all the dragons that assail us? come alive and victorious out of all the caverns which we have entered in life, and succored, at risk of life and limb, all poor distressed persons in whose naked limbs the dragon Poverty is about to fasten his fangs, whom the dragon Crime is poisoning with his horrible breath, and about to crunch up and devour? O my royal liege! O my gracious prince and warrior! *You* a champion to fight that monster? Your feeble spear ever pierce that slimy paunch or plated back?

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"The old were middle-aged, the elderly were in their prime, then, thirty years since, when yon royal George was still fighting the dragon. As for you, my pretty lass, with your saucy hat and golden tresses tumbled in your net, and you, my spruce young gentleman in your mandarin's cap (the young folks at the country-place where I am staying are so attired), your parents were unknown to each other, and wore short frocks and short jackets, at the date of this five-shilling piece. Only today I met a dog-cart crammed with children—children with mustaches and mandarin caps—children with saucy hats and hair-nets—children in short frocks and knickerbockers (surely the prettiest boy's dress that has appeared these hundred years)—children from twenty years of age to six; and father, with mother by his side, driving in front—and on father's countenance I saw that very laugh which I remember perfectly in the time when this crown piece was coined—in *his* time, in King George's time, when we were school-boys seated on the same form. The smile was just as broad, as bright, as jolly, as I remember it in the past—unforgotten, though not seen or thought of, for how many decades of years, and quite and instantly familiar, though so long out of sight.

"Any contemporary of that coin who takes it up and reads the inscription round the laureled head, 'Georgius IV. Britanniarum Rex. Fid. Def. 1823,' if he will but look steadily enough at the round, and utter the proper incantation, I dare say may conjure back his life there. Look well, my elderly friend, and tell me what you see? First, I see a Sultan, with hair, beautiful hair, and a crown of laurels round his head, and his name is Georgius Rex. Fid. Def., and so on. Now the Sultan has disappeared; and what is that I see? A boy—a boy in a jacket. He is at a desk; he has great books before him, Latin and Greek books and dictionaries. Yes, but behind the great books, which he pretends to read, is a little one, with pictures, which he is really reading. It is—yes, I can read now—it is the "Heart of Mid Lothian," by the author of "Waverley"—or, no, it is "Life in London; or, the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, and their friend Bob Logic," by Pierce Egan; and it has pictures—oh! such funny pictures! As he reads, there comes behind the boy, a man, a dervish, in a black gown, like a woman, and a black square cap, and he has a book in each hand, and he seizes the boy who is reading the picture-book, and lays his head upon one of his books, and smacks it with the other. The boy makes faces, and so that picture disappears.

"In the reign of George IV., I give you my honor, all the dancers at the opera were as beautiful as Houris. Even in William IV.'s time, when I think of Duvernay prancing in as the Bayadère—I say it was a vision of loveliness such as mortal eyes can't see nowadays. How well I remember the tune to which she used to appear! Kaled used to say to the Sultan, 'My lord, a troop of those dancing and sing-ging gurls called Bayadères approaches,' and, to the clash of cymbals and the thumping of my heart, in she used to dance! There has never been any thing like it—never. There never will be—I laugh to scorn old people who tell me about your Noblet, your Montessu, your Vestris, your Parisot—pshaw, the senile twaddlers! And the impudence of the young men, with their music and their dancers of to-day! I tell you the women are dreary old creatures. I tell you one air in an opera is just like another, and they send all rational creatures to sleep. Ah, Ronzi de Begnis, thou lovely one! Ah, Caradori, thou smiling angel! Ah, Malibran! Nay, I will come to modern times, and acknowledge that Lablache was a very good singer thirty years ago (though Porto was the boy for me); and then we had Ambrogetti, and Curioni, and Donzelli, a rising young singer.

"But what is most certain and lamentable is the decay of stage beauty since the days of George IV. Think of Sontag! I remember her in *Otello* and the *Donna del Lago*, in '28. I remember being behind the scenes at the opera (where numbers of us young fellows of fashion used to go), and seeing Sontag let her hair fall down over her shoulders previous to her murder by Donzelli. Young fellows have never seen beauty like *that*, heard such a voice, seen such hair, such eyes. Don't tell *me!* A man who has been about town since the reign of George IV., ought he not to know better than you young lads who have seen nothing? The deterioration of women is lamentable; and the conceit of the young fellows more lamentable still, that they won't see this fact, but persist in thinking their time as good as ours.

"Bless me! when I was a lad the stage was covered with angels, who sang, acted, and danced. When I remember the Adelphi, and the actresses there: when I think of Miss Chester, and Miss Love, and Mrs. Serle at Sadler's Wells, and her forty glorious pupils—of the Opera and Noblet, and the exquisite young Taglioni, and Pauline Leroux, and a host more! One much-admired being of those days I confess I never cared for, and that was the chief *male* dancer—a very important personage then, with a bare neck, bare arms, a tunic, and a hat and feathers, who used to divide the applause with the ladies, and who has now sunk down a trap-door forever. And this frank admission ought to show that I am not your mere twaddling *laudator temporis acti*—your old fogy who can see no good except in his own time."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE SOLDIER OF THE HOLY SEE.

Put this and that together. This is one of Reuter's telegrams:

"Perugia, *August* 30.

"General Lamoriciere, in an order of the day, has directed his troops to plunder any town which, on the approach of the enemy, should rise in insurrection."

That which follows is a paragraph from the *Times:*

"A Loretto Vow.—General Lamoriciere went on the 15th of last month to the famous chapel of Our Lady of Loretto, and having, like other pilgrims, offered his devotion at the shrine, solemnly engaged to present there, *ex voto*, the sword which he now brandishes on the Pope's behalf, as soon as he shall have delivered the Pontifical throne from all its enemies."

Lamoriciere's order of the day, appropriately dated at Perugia, would, if it stood alone, seem the proclamation of a miscreant. Taken, however, in connection with the gross and monstrous act of fetichism which he performed at Loretto, it enables charity to hope that he may possibly be a madman.

Homebug or Humebug.—The Spirit-rapping mania may be a moral disease indeed; but it has also a material aspect. May it not be considered as a species of impos*thume?*

"Sir, our party has a quick way of using up rascals," said a recent canvasser at Brighton to an elector who would not promise him his vote. "No doubt of it, Sir," was the reply; "a party that makes such habitual use of rascals must use many of them up; tools can't last always."

EXIT BOMBALINO.

The Earthquake growls beneath his feet,
  Vesuvius banks her fires, o'erhead,
Bewildered *Sbirri* through the street
  Slink with a tamed and timorous tread.
The priest holds up his trembling hands,
  In vain, to sainted Januarius;
The Despot's hungry hireling bands
  Begin to deem their pay precarious.
Armed Retribution pours its force
  From Spartivent to Porto Fino;
Resistance melts before its course—
  Et exit Bombalino!

No friend in this, his hour of need,
  No hope or hold in his despair!
Each stay turns out a broken reed,
  Each safeguard hath become a snare.
The rogues who were so swift to serve
  Are even swifter to betray,
Each back that bent in suppliest curve
  On readiest hinges turns away.
What faith is bought by fear or gold,
  'Tis time, at length, that even *he* know—
His soldiers false, his courtiers cold—
  En exit Bombalino!

His dungeons have giv'n up their dead,
  Or, worse, their living-dead restored.
Truth lifts, amazed, her muffled head,
  Unchecked for once by stick or sword.
And from the light that beams about
  Her sorely-scarred yet stately brow,
Shrink back, abashed, the loathsome rout
  That battened in the dark till now.
Amidst such greeting and good-will,
  As subjects unto King or Queen owe,
Who've ruled but by the powers of ill—
  Sic exit Bombalino!

And Garibaldi's face is worn
  Where this King's image ought to be;
And Garibaldi's name is borne
  On wings of blessing o'er the sea.
At Garibaldi's summons spring
  Men's ready hearts, and hands, and treasure,
Before him Italy doth fling
  Her new-roused life in stintless measure.
But now alone against a host,
  And now a host, as land and sea know,
Unboasting he caps Cæsar's boast—*
  Et exit Bombalino!

So be it still, when powers of Ill
  And powers of Good, for issue met,
Hand against hand, and brand to brand,
  In Armageddon's fight are set!
May Evil show what rotten roots
  Its hugest upas-growth confirm,
And Good make known what mighty shoots
  Are latent in its smallest germ.
With jubilee and joyous din,
  From Sicily to San Marino,
Lo! Garibaldi enters in,
  Et exit Bombalino!

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

"It is the Emperor who has saved the Pope."—*Persigny's Speech at Roanne.*

Who raised up Italy (no matter why)—
The Austrian legions to defy?
Who *spoke a speech* (as under Milan's *duomo*
He rode with *Il Rè Galantuomo*)
That on the heart of Italy so wrought
(No matter what he *thought*).
It fused a rush of units to a nation—
Furnished cement to annexation—
Gave Garibaldi room and verge to grow—
An avalanche from flakes of snow—
And fixed the *point d'appui* to twist the rope
That soon or late must hang the Pope?

Let us not stay to ask the "how" or "why,"
This man, for once, looked high,
And spoke, as one with faith in a good cause,
Who champions Heaven's laws;
But own the hand that did what his has done,
Sure as light follows sun,
Sowed seeds of death in that old Papal power
Which France props at this hour.

Let Persigny employ his special pleading,
His priestly gulls misleading;
'Tis no less true the Church's eldest son
The deed of parricide has done;
That his sword undermined St. Peter's chair,
Which now his bayonets up-bear.
That Pio Nono's prayer, on bended knee,
Is, or at least *should* be—
"'Gainst foes leave *me alone* to gain my ends,
But save—oh save me from my *friends!*"

Rogers, the poet, used to tell the story of the "body of a malefactor, who was hanged in chains, disappearing in the night. Nearly a fortnight afterward it was again dangling in the air, and looked as if fresh from the hands of the executioner. The man on the first occasion was not quite dead. A farmer and his son passing by heard his groan, took him home, and nursed him. When he recovered they were awoke by a noise, and found their guest at his old trade—packing up every article of value in the house. They agreed that he would be better returned to the place from whence he came, and re-strangling him, they put him back into the iron case on the gibbet."

"Appearances" to Let.—A female usurer has been prosecuted for extortion in Paris, and of the revelations on the trial the following is a part: "Mademoiselle Levèque had a partner, in the shape of an old infantry officer of the name of St. Cirque, who used to act as an intermediate agent between certain of her 'clients' and herself. The kind of business will best appear from the following extract from a business letter to his fair *associée:* 'If you have a diamond ring worth 500 francs, I know a young man who wants one to go into society with. He would rent it for twenty francs a month. Another friend of mine wants a 500-dollar note, just to show off when he opens his card-case. He would rent it for twenty-five francs a month.'"

A phrenologist has been examining Queen Victoria's head; says that he finds the bump of adhesiveness quite sadly deficient, if it existed there at all. In justice, however, to this gentleman, we must state that the Queen's head under examination was a postage-stamp.

It being hinted to a barrister, who was wearying the court with a long and dull argument, that he ought to bring it to a close, he angrily replied, "I will speak as long as I please!"—"You have spoken longer than you *please* already," said his antagonist.

Murat one day complaining to Nansouty that the cavalry had not vigorously executed a charge, Nansouty replied, "The horses have no patriotism; the soldiers fight without bread, but the horses insist on oats."

A certain divine gave out a psalm to his choristers, who attempted to set it to a new tune; but having made a blunder, the clergyman, when he came to that part of the Litany, "Lord have mercy on us miserable sinners!" in his turn made another blunder, and read it as follows: "Lord have mercy on our miserable singers!"

Customer. "I wish to purchase some very good eggs, to be used in making sponge-cakes."

Shop-keeper. "Yes, I have some eggs that can't be beaten."

Customer. "Can't be beaten?"

Shop-keeper. "No, ma'am; I defy any one in the market to beat them."

Customer. "They won't answer my purpose at all, then. How can eggs be made into sponge-cakes without you can beat them?"

Lord Braxfield, a Scotch judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, "You're a vera clever chiel, mon; but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'."

A toper, being on a visit to a neighboring squire, when a very small glass was set before him after dinner, pulled the servant by the skirts, and thus expostulated with him: "What is this glass for? Does your master wish to keep me here all night?"

Matoisi, a French physician, was so fond of administering medicine, that, seeing all the phials and pill-boxes of his patient completely emptied, and ranged in order on the mantle-piece, he said, "Ah, Sir, it gives me pleasure to attend you—you deserve to be ill."

Two workmen, passing a nicely-cushioned carriage, which was waiting for one of the great Manchester cotton lords at his counting-house door, one said to the other, "Bill, I'm darnt if I shouldn't loik to have a drive out in that 'ere fine coach."—"Then thee get in, Jack," was the reply, "and they'll very soon drive thee out."

A country girl recently asked a town acquaintance to go with her to purchase some articles, and to act as spokeswoman. They entered a shop, and the girl asked,

"Have you any hose?"

"I don't want hoes," said the country maiden; "I want stockings."

MR. MESSENGER'S SHEEP.

The sheep, of which we publish an engraving on the following page, are the property of Mr. Messenger. The Hampshire Down sheep are of the stock of Francis Budd, Esq., of Hatch Warren, Hampshire, England, and were imported by the present owner. They possess greater kindness of nature and are more easily fatted than the South Down sheep (on which they are an improvement). They are admirably adapted to extreme climates, in consequence of the hardiness of their nature. They have won several prizes in England; and have successfully competed in this country at the New York State Fair (*see* Trans. N. Y. State Ag. Soc., 1858); American Institute, 1859; and at all county fairs at which they have been exhibited. They are of larger growth than the South Down, and are probably the finest mutton sheep found in Europe. They are the property of Thomas Messenger, Esq., Clarence Hall, Great Neck, Long Island.

The Leicester sheep are also a mutton sheep. They are long-wooled, much lighter built than the Hampshire Down, and not so hardy; hence they do better in more moderate climates. They were imported, and are owned by the same gentleman.

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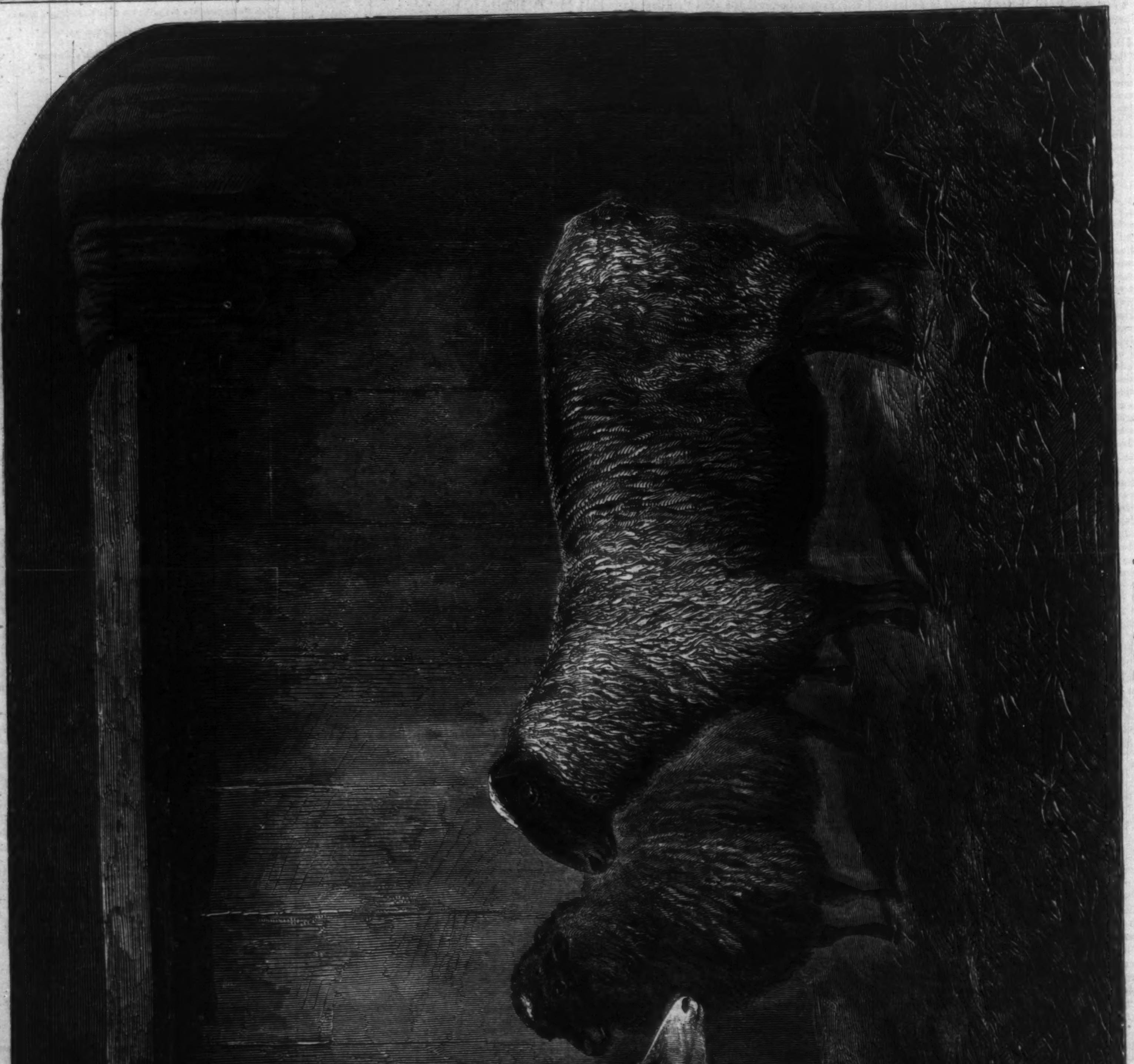
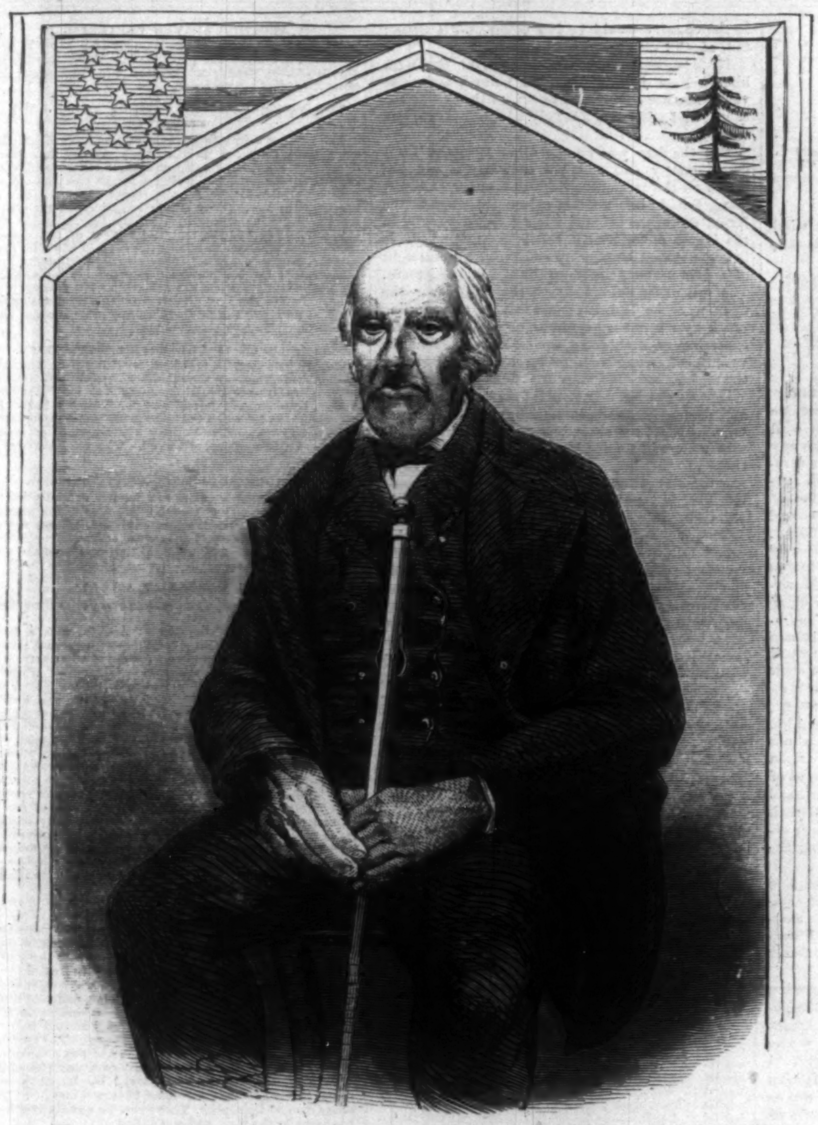
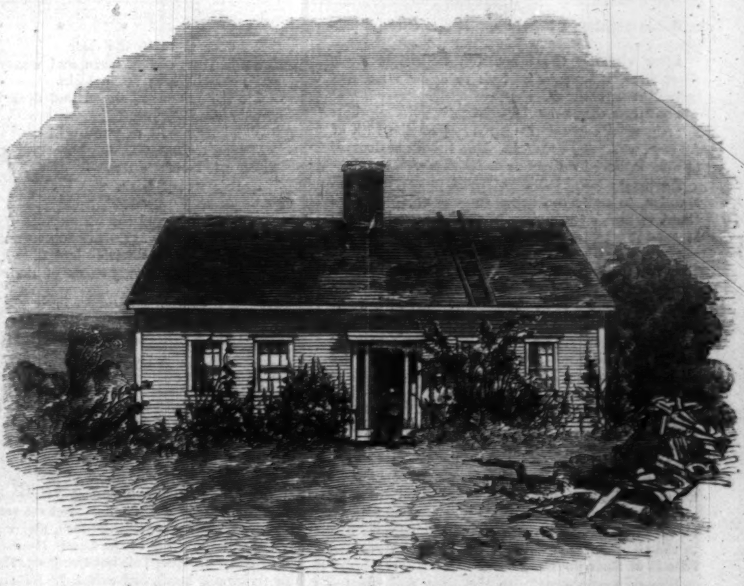
* *Veni, Vidi, Vici.*



SHEEP OWNED BY MR. MESSENGER.—[Drawn from Life by T. C. Carpendale.]



RALPH FARNHAM, AGED ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE YEARS, SOLE SURVIVOR OF BUNKER HILL.



RESIDENCE OF RALPH FARNHAM, AT ACTON, MAINE.

RALPH FARNHAM.

THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

In the eloquent oration delivered by Hon. Edward Everett on the Fourth of July, this year, at Boston, there was a touching allusion to the few remaining relics of that band of worthies who served in our War of Independence. Mr. Everett, at the same time, expressed a doubt if there still existed a single American soldier who beheld that disastrous British victory upon Bunker Hill on the 17th of June, 1775. This remark of Mr. Everett has called forth the fact that in Acton, York County, Maine, near the borders of New Hampshire, resides Ralph Farnham, who is now in *his one hundred and fifth year*, and who enlisted in the American army in May, 1775, witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill, served a peaceful second campaign in Rhode Island, and concluded his military career by doing duty in the battle of Saratoga, where Burgoyne's fine army was overcome by the Americans under General Gates. We publish Mr. Farnham's portrait herewith, and give also a view of his residence. Rev. J. C. Fletcher was among the earliest to visit Ralph Farnham in his secluded home in Maine. We learn that, since the results of that visit were made known by Mr. Fletcher through the daily press, there has been a stream of pilgrims to Acton, where the hale, bright, and pious old man receives them cordially, and recounts the deeds of days long gone by.

Such, however, has been the curiosity to see the veteran, coupled with the desire on the part of some to give him more of the comforts of life in his declining days—for his pension is the pitiful sum of $61 66—that a letter of invitation has been addressed him by Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, Hon. Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Lemuel Shaw, late Chief-Justice, William Appleton, Esq., George S. Hillard, Esq., Rev. Drs. Adams, Gannett, Blagden, Stow, and Miner, Hon. Charles Sumner, Amos A. Lawrence, Drs. Bigelow and Shurtlef, Charles G. Green, Esq., Hon. Charles Hale, and many other of the first Bostonians, of every profession. They cordially invite him to visit Boston. The old soldier of the Revolution has written accepting the invitation for the 8th of October, when no doubt a demonstration on a grand scale will be given him. Let us, however, remind our Boston friends that Old Parr, of England, lived long beyond his hundredth year, and was a fine healthy man when a century and a half had rolled over his head, but was killed by the kindness of the Londoners on his visit to the British metropolis. His regular habits were broken up, his simple diet was disregarded, and the result was his death. We trust that nothing of this kind will take place in regard to Ralph Farnham, and express the wish that he may yet live many years to enjoy all the blessings which this life can give an old man whose hopes reach beyond the grave.

A friend who visited him gives us the following description of Ralph Farnham's personal appearance, surroundings, etc.:

A drive of six miles through a beautiful and picturesque region of country brought me to the house of Mr. J. Farnham, which is situated upon a high hill commanding a most extended view of the distant White Mountains. I found Mr. Ralph Farnham seated in an arm-chair surrounded by newspapers, while not far away from him was the Bible, which he terms the "king of books." When introduced to him, he received me with affability, and was at no loss in answering the many and various questions with which I plied him. Indeed, his answers were exceedingly prompt, and the pleasure of his conversation was enhanced by a certain piquancy of expression, and a cheerfulness extraordinary in one of his age. It seemed no effort of memory to call up persons and places—their names and characteristics. There is also such a modesty in all his statements that you feel convinced of their truthfulness. Another agreeable feature, of a negative character, is, that he has none of that garrulousness which is too often the sad evidence of nature's decay.

He gave me many interesting anecdotes of the Revolution, together with descriptions of the Battle of Bunker Hill, his second campaign in Rhode Island (where he says he "went through college," for it rained so hard while they were engaged in drilling that their Colonel ordered them into University Hall, and thus he graduated), and he also gave me some new views of the Battle of Saratoga, which occurred in his second campaign.

I asked him if he saw General Putnam on the 17th of June, 1775. "Yes," he replied, "twenty times, if once; and he rode like lightning, his horse's tongue lolled out of the mouth. It was a hot day, and I suppose that a hundred horses were killed by aid-de-camps and other officers and messengers before and after the action."

This confirms what has so often been said of "Old Put's" riding on that memorable occasion. His recollections of Washington, Gates, and others, are very vivid. Benedict Arnold he describes in no measured terms. He gave me the following anecdote in connection with his description of the Battle of Saratoga:

"After Burgoyne's surrender General Gates erected a large marquee, and gave a grand dinner to the British officers; and when they were cracking their jokes in high glee, Burgoyne said to General Gates, 'Why, General Gates, you don't seem like a general; you look like an old granny.' 'Well,' replied Gates, 'I am a very good one then, for I delivered you of 10,000 soldiers.'"

At my request Mr. Farnham turned his head so as to give me a profile view, and while I was employed in making a careful sketch of the contour of his face, he was engaged in pleasant conversation about Newburyport and Boston. The former, he said, he had visited for the first time *eighty-five years ago*, and preserved a vivid recollection of the place. Boston he delighted to talk about, and wished that he could go there once more. His last visit to Boston was in 1853, and he informed me that he spent some time "with Luther Drew, who lived in Boylston Street, but he is now dead." I mention this to show that not only events of his younger days are readily recalled, but that those which have recently occurred are not pushed out of his memory. The celebrated "dark day" is very fresh in his recollection; but the length of his memory is somewhat amazing when he tells you about cutting his foot when he was four years old, and that "it is just a hundred years ago."

Ralph Farnham was born in Lebanon, Me., which is south of the town where he now lives. He has never been sick, is temperate, is an early riser, has a good appetite, and is at peace with man and God. For eighty years he has been an humble follower of the Saviour, and is now a member of the Free-Will Baptist Church of Acton. There is something truly beautiful in his trustful piety, in his bright hopes of heaven. Every day the Word of God is his encouragement, joy, and consolation; and twice each day he retires to his closet for private communion with his Maker. He does not think that the burdens of age exempt him from those happy duties which are more and more fitting him for the enjoyments of heaven.

He seems to have a keen relish for reading of what is going on at the present time. The past, and his hopeful future, do not absorb all his thoughts. When I went into the room there were plenty of newspapers near him. Before I left I presented him with a copy of that day's Boston *Journal*, the widest circulated paper in New England, and he received it with eagerness. As I was leaving the room, I cast a last look at the man who was in his *hundred and fifth* year, thinking how soon must he pass from time to eternity. But such thoughts vanished when I saw him looking earnestly for his spectacles, which I had displaced, and heard him ask for them, as he wished to *read to-day's newspaper!* This gave me an idea that he was good for this world some time longer. I will add that his sight is quite good, only the glasses which he has recently used have been laid aside, and he has taken up, as better suited to his eyes, the spectacles which twenty years ago had become unfit for his use. I would that I had been optician enough to tell exactly the lenses which he requires.

Every year since he attained the age of a century his neighbors have celebrated his birth-day. I have been fortunate in obtaining from Mr. Josiah Goddard, formerly of Worcester, Massachusetts, a photograph likeness of Mr. Farnham, which I forward. Mr. John Townsend, an enterprising manufacturer near Mr. Farnham's, informed me that it is their intention, if the old Sergeant lives to his hundred and sixth birth-day (July 7, 1861), to celebrate it with unwonted brilliancy, and they will invite Mr. Everett to be present on an occasion so interesting.

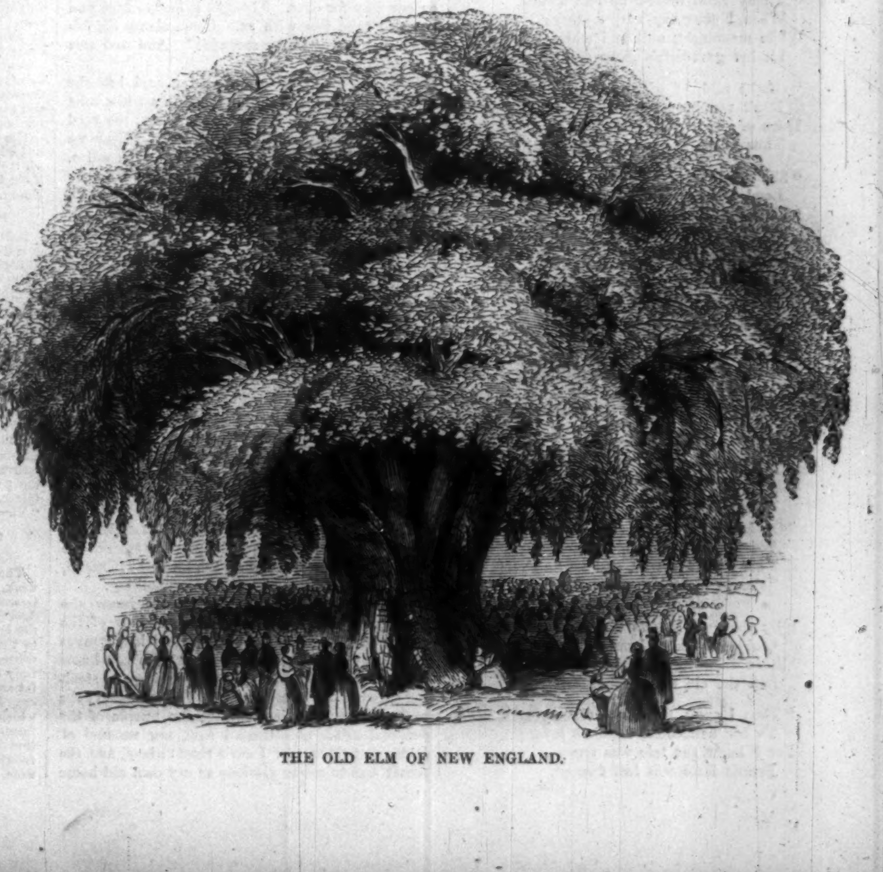
I have thus been particular in regard to this veteran who has outlived all his contemporaries. He was but twenty-four years younger than his beloved Commander-in-chief when that Chief assumed the command of the American Army at Cambridge; but he has survived Washington more than threescore years.

THE GREAT ELM OF NEW ENGLAND.

One warm, sunshiny August day, while on a tour in Western Massachusetts, I came in sight of this magnificent tree, which a Boston paper names "the largest in New England."

It is said to measure about 30 feet at its base, and is from 100 to 120 feet in height; yet its greatness consists not so much in its height as in the broad spread of its branches, which cover an area of ground in diameter twice the height of the tree.

Thousands can sit in its shade; and here, on this



THE OLD ELM OF NEW ENGLAND.

mid-summer day, I beheld a vast concourse of people.

After viewing the assembled multitude for a short time, I became curious to know what had called them together.

That they could not be celebrating the glorious Fourth, or Washington's Birthday, on the 12th of August, was very evident. But I was not doomed to remain long in doubt as to its cause.

An invitation, kindly extended to me by a by-stander, to enter the inclosure was accepted with thanks; and on mingling with the crowd, I soon learned it was an annual social gathering.

Some years previous a society, called the "Elm-Tree Association," had been formed under the auspices of Dr. Orville Dewey; and judging from appearances, it was at the present time in a flourishing condition.

This monster tree—a pet of the Doctor's—stands in the town of Sheffield, Massachusetts, and but a short distance from his country residence, the home of his youth.

And a glorious thing has this Association proved. Annually it calls together the inhabitants of this and adjacent towns; while residents in other and distant States, and even wanderers on foreign shores, with that yearning fondness for home which all have experienced who have been long absent, have, since this society was formed, returned again to the scenes of their childhood, and met in the shade of the noble old elm the relatives and friends of their youth.

Speeches appropriate to the time and place—speeches short and spicy—were got off in goodly numbers, intermingled with poems and odes addressed to the tree, and so laudatory in their praise, that no wonder the green boughs blushed scarlet in the rays of the setting sun, and bowed in modesty to the passing breeze.

After listening to some soul-stirring music, prepared for the occasion, and to which the children, gay as butterflies, kept time and tune on the green-sward, the crowd partook of the delicacies of the season which the ladies had temptingly spread upon beautifully ornamented tables.

After listening to the gay and cutting repartees which were thrown back and forth by some of the distinguished guests, whom Massachusetts is proud to class among her sons, I accepted an invitation to enroll my name as a member of the Association; and then retiring a short distance, took a sketch of this truly wonderful tree.

THE KATYDID'S STORY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

ONLY a dream of the soft summer moonlight;
  Naught but a sound in the tall locust-trees;
Merely a Katydid's life and confessions—
  One of the last of her long reveries.

Out on the night wind floated the story,
  Still with the burden it carried of old;
Close at my elbow flitted a fairy,
  Interpreting for me what Katydid told.

Bending the tube of the bright trumpet-flower
  Down till it nestled close up to my ear,
"List!" said the voice of the kind little spirit,
  "Thus, though a mortal, her tale you shall hear:"

"I am old, I am cold,
  And of life I am aweary;
On the hill, whispering still,
  Autumn winds are dreary.

"And I sigh, ere I die,
  To tell what I have ever hid—
Who 'Katie' was—what the cause
  Why I murmur 'Katie did.'

"Long ago, ere the snow
  Fell on vale and mountain;
Ere I crept aside and slept
  'Neath the moss around the fountain,

"A rosy child looked up and smiled,
  When I sung my vesper story;
While moonlight, still and white,
  Lit her grandsire's locks so hoary.

"Oft he said, 'Curly head,
  Don't you hear the tale she's telling?
Tales of you! What did you do,
  Thus to set the crickets spelling?'

"She would cry, ''Twas not I!'
  Loud I sung this burden over:
'Katie did—Katie did—
  Ran away from school with Rover!'

"Then the maid, 'neath the shade
  Of the locusts met a lover—
Student Joe, speaking low,
  Asked to win and wear forever.

"Thus I said, while her head
  Bent to hide the blushes flitting,
'Katie did—Katie did—
  Naughty Katie gave the mitten!'

"I remember, in September
  Came a handsome hunter thither;
Cruel fate! simple Kate
  Lost her heart when he went hither.

"On his name was a stain,
  And her grandsire bid them sever;
Bid her bow her will, and vow
  Ne'er to meet him more forever.

* * * * *

"By the gate lingers Kate,
  Looking back at home deserted;
'Katie did—Katie did—
  Left the old man broken-hearted!'

"Thus I sung, while she clung
  To her handsome, faithless lover;
For I knew the tale was true—
  Bonnie Kate was lost forever.

* * * * *

"Yet once more to the door
  Came the maiden, worn and weary;
But no light save moon light
  Lit the windows, closed and dreary.

"Wandering still to yonder hill,
  Where a stone was death's white token,
Katie cried—Katie died—
  Katie's weary heart was broken."

There was a hush, and the wandering night wind
  Snatched from my ear the bright trumpet-flower;
Midnight had passed—fairies had flitted,
  Drooping their pinions, shorn of their power.

BINGHAMTON AND THEREABOUTS.

LEWIS HOUSE, BINGHAMTON, *Sept.*, 1860.

TRAVELING eastward by the Erie rail I became weary, and, like another pilgrim that we have all heard of, I turned aside to rest. But not into any dark place, as that pilgrim turned; on the contrary, into one of the pleasantest of places, with sunshine falling through the first yellow leaves of autumn on the broad piazza. Let me recommend you to try the same resting-place, oh! my friend, even at Binghamton, in the Lewis House, close by the railway station. It is not every one that knows how to keep a hotel, but certainly Messrs. Moulter & Brown have that accomplishment. Think of being aroused in the morning by the odor of unimpeachable Mocha, and seduced from the last nap by the certainty that the pigeon and chicken will be broiled to the exact turn when your foot shall touch the last step of the stairway! Think of being received from the railroad, dusty and weary, with an evening supper-table that might remind you of Very's, in the Palais Royal, if it were not that the cooking is plain, hearty, rich American cooking, instead of the je ne sais quoi mixtures of France! Let no tired traveler on the Erie Road forget mine hosts of the Lewis House, and rush madly by on express trains, dreaming of such accommodations elsewhere, for elsewhere along the road I doubt you will not find them.

But these presents, oh! friend, are not designed to puff a hotel or praise a landlord. I have commenced thus only that you may, by a little map-studying, learn where I was when my friend Steevens caught me, and carried me off to shoot a deer in the forests of Broome.

I was lying half-awake, dozing and dreaming of the soft lapse of the Susquehanna and the delicious odor of the Mocha—for it was early breakfast-time, and there were some poor fellows who were off on the railway train thus untimely. I was dreaming thus when I heard a heavy footfall along the passage, and then a thundering rap on my door absolutely threw me into the middle of the floor. Imagine the horror of a man thus rudely startled from dreamland and Mocha into a cold morning twilight!

I will not say what emphatic words accompanied my "Who's there?" for, though never profane, I do sometimes use what might be called the *profanum vulgus*, or the low grade of profane, when not wholly in my right mind.

"Is Peter —— in here?"

"No such person here." Why should I acknowledge my identity to a man that might, as likely as not, be the sheriff after some man of my name. Let me advise, generally, the denial of your name to any one that wakes you before five in the morning.

"You be hanged, Peter! Open the door, or I'll break it down!" And the application of a foot to the panel lent emphasis to the assurance.

"Where, in the name of all that is wonderful, did you come from, Doctor?" I asked, opening the door to my old friend and ally in Sullivan County forests, Doctor Benjamin Steevens, of Steevensville.

"Heard you were here as we were driving by, on our way for deer. Thought it best to turn you out and take you with us. Come along, old fellow!—can't wait thirty seconds!" And so I was carried off.

The sun rose superbly! Looking back into the valley we saw Binghamton bathed in a white mist that was lake-like. The air was frosty, the road fine, and the cattle in splendid order. How we rattled up hill and down for the next ten miles, while the Doctor and I chatted! The road then turned off into a forest-path, and the wheels struck here and there against stumps and rocks, till the old wagon groaned in agony. But we kept on a half-dozen miles, and had reached the end of our journey.

It was far up among the hills. We were at a log-house, on the bank of a little stream which flowed from a broad swamp a mile above, and the swamp was a favorite feeding-place of deer in former years, known to very few of the people hereabouts, and to the people in Binghamton, I fancy, not known at all. The Doctor and his two friends had provisions and blankets; and the log-house, though empty, was clean. The stop for me had delayed them, in fact, an hour, so that the day was well advanced; but we determined to put the dogs out on the west hill, and try our luck at least for the afternoon.

My station was on the run at the foot of the hill, where the old trees lay piled along the edge of the swamp, and here I stood all the blessed afternoon, from twelve till five o'clock, seeing nothing.

Seeing nothing, said I? Do you know the splendor of the old forest? the grandeur of the dead monarchs overshadowed in their long graves of moss by their living posterity? Do you know the rich soft lights of the western-going sun stealing through the silent forest? The crimson of the early-changed maples; the sombre purple of the funereal ash? All these I saw, nor wearied of looking at them; for I am a tired citizen, and the forest was to me as glorious as my own old home in the country would be if I could find it again; but, alas! I never can.

Hark!—the hounds are rising over the west hills! Now they go down the hollow, and their voices are lost—now loud again, as they cross the ridge; and now with a steady advance they come on.

But the deer was on the other run, and I sat down quietly and resigned to watch again the lights on the trees, which grew dimmer and sadder. I had almost fallen asleep listening to the far-off cry of the hounds, when I heard a sound in the leaves down by the brook, a hundred yards below me, and looking up suddenly, caught sight of a deer moving easily up the bed of the stream. The sagacious animal knew that, wherever the dogs were, he had left no scent in the running brook by which they could track him, and he was cantering or sauntering up to his supper in the swamp before he should go up to his forest bed for the night.

He came within fifty yards of me before I moved, and then I shouted to him. The cry was involuntary. I could not shoot him down in his tracks in that way, and I gave him at least the ghost of a chance for his life. He threw up his head as he saw me, and paused one instant. That pause cost him his life, for the ball entered his breast, and he plunged forward into the brook.

The Doctor, meantime, had been on the other run, a mile away from me, and as the night was now fast coming down I made quick work of my spoils. A few cuts of the knife sufficed to loosen the hide around his neck, and I made as rapid an uncovering as could well be of his fore-quarters, gave him but four ribs to the saddle, and shouldered the seventy pounds as if I were in my old-fashioned condition. How I went staggering down to the cabin that evening you may imagine, if you can; or how the fire blazed high in the old chimney, and the steaks broiled on the coals in the cabin, or how we lay side by side on the floor and dreamed—all this I leave to your imagination. This much, at least, you may believe—that if you have no other temptation to Binghamton you may find good hunting in the neighborhood; and I have no doubt mine hosts of the Lewis House can put you on the track of it, if I am not here to show you.

Truly yours, V. V.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PROGRESS OF BARON RENFREW.

ON Saturday afternoon, 22d, the Prince of Wales, now known as Baron Renfrew, left Chicago in a special train for Dwight's Station, where he arrived at dark. He was the guest of Mr. Spencer. On Sunday the Baron attended divine service at the Presbyterian church; in the afternoon a courier arrived with dispatches from the Queen, and the party spent the rest of the day in reading their letters and answering them. On Monday they shot prairie chickens; on Tuesday quail; on Wednesday they left for St. Louis, where they arrived at 6 P.M. On Thursday he attended the agricultural fair, was presented to Mr. Bates and other gentlemen, and inspected the cattle. The excitement about him in St. Louis was very great. On Friday he left St. Louis for Cincinnati, where he arrived, after a long detention, late in the evening.

THE BARON IS A KEEN SPORTSMAN.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "At Dwight the party went in pursuit of quail, and were very successful, the Baron, who enjoyed the sport highly, bagging over a hundred birds. Spencer, who is an experienced hunter, says that the Baron is an excellent sportsman, and handles a gun finely."

HE SMOKES PIPES.

He adds: "The party dress roughly, and walk about the village smoking pipes in the most democratic style. People here do not annoy the Baron, and much gratification is expressed on account of it."

HE SHAKES HANDS WITH IRISHMEN.

A couple of Irishmen called to see the Baron, who welcomed and shook hands with them. All talk freely with the people, who say they are perfectly naturalized Americans.

HE IS PREFERRED TO LINCOLN.

On Saturday night, at Dwight, the Baron went to a cottage to look at the quarters occupied by his equerries. He was accompanied by Mr. Spencer, who pointed the way up a ladderlike flight of steps to a small room—the only one—which was shared by the gentlemen in question. The Baron had his coat covered with whitewash by the time he reached the top, where, meeting with those he was in search of, he had a hearty laugh at the adventure. When he came down stairs he saw the horny-handed host, who, little suspecting who he was, said, addressing Mr. Spencer, "Where's the Baron?" "Well, if you must know," was the reply, "this is the Baron standing beside you."

The man thought there was an attempt to "sell" him, and with a look of the most sublime skepticism ejaculated, "Well, if that's the Baron, all that I can say is, that if old Abe Lincoln was here, I'd say you'd go to the White House." Albert Edward went off in a roar.

HE MAKES PRESENTS TO HIS FRIENDS.

Before his departure from Dwight he expressed his regret that he could not make his stay longer, and presented his hosts with several beautiful gifts, among which was a Manton gun, etc. Several of the suite also exchanged presents with their entertainers.

THE ARRIVAL AT ST. LOUIS.

Loud cheers greeted the Baron when he landed at St. Louis, and the crowd surrounded his carriage to such an extent that he was obliged to close the windows of the vehicle. The carriages of the suite were driven in opposite directions to divide the people.

HE HEARS "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

At the Agricultural Fair at St. Louis the royal party passed twice around the arena and then alighted in the centre. After this they ascended to the second story of the pagoda, where the band struck up "God Save the Queen." This was followed by "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

HE WILL NOT RECOGNIZE THE BRITISH RESIDENTS HERE.

The British residents in the city held a meeting, last week, at Mr. Archibald's office, to hear the report of the Committee appointed to confer with Lord Renfrew. Mr. Archibald stated the substance of the letter received from the Duke of Newcastle, in reply to the offer of an address to the Baron. Such demonstrations, he said, had been offered in other places in the United States, but respectfully declined; and, while Lord Renfrew was very grateful and obliged for the tender of these civilities, he intimated distinctly his wish to accept no demonstrations which would appear invidious, and which might give offense. The arrangements of the citizens, whose invitation has been received through their Committee, were entirely satisfactory to Lord Renfrew. The Committee were, accordingly, discharged.

ANOTHER SLAVER CAPTURED.

A captured slave brig was brought into Norfolk, last week. When taken she had 619 negroes on board, who were landed at Monrovia. Another ship, taken about the same time, had 800 on board.

THE VERDICT IN THE CASE OF THE "LADY ELGIN."

The Coroner's Jury in the case of the *Lady Elgin* disaster have rendered their verdict. While they have found that the *Lady Elgin* was a sea-worthy vessel, they censure the owners for allowing a larger complement of passengers aboard her, on the recent occasion, than is permitted by law. They also find as causes of the disaster the defective arrangement of the lights, under the law for sailing vessels, and the neglect of the second mate of the schooner to inform the captain when he first saw the steamer's lights. They also found that he was incompetent for his position; and censure the captain for not coming to anchor to ascertain what damage was done. Two of the jury dissent from the verdict, declaring that they find the *Lady Elgin* was mismanaged, and insufficiently supplied with boats.

SHIPWRECK IN THE LATE EQUINOCTIAL.

Another disaster is reported, resulting from the late storm. On Thursday the schooner *Neptune's Bride*, belonging to Gloucester, Maine, was lost on Malcolm's Ledge, between Seal Island and the Wooden Ball. In attempting to land in a boat, the captain and eleven men were lost in the surf, and of two who remained on board one was washed off and drowned. The schooner was a total loss.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT PITTSBURGH.

From Pittsburgh we learn of a terrible calamity which occurred in that city last week. A boiler in the marble works of Mr. W. W. Wallace exploded, killing ten or twelve men and wounding several others. The boiler was blown through four walls, killing several of the victims in its passage.

LOLA MONTEZ AT ASTORIA.

A correspondent of *The Constitution* writes from New York as follows:

"Lola Montez is stopping at Astoria, with a kind friend, but alas! in what a condition of body and mind! She is not exactly an imbecile, and yet what term will more clearly express her mental helplessness? Physically she is an invalid of a melancholy description. A female friend of mine saw her a day or two ago, and it was enough to make one's heart bleed to note her picturesque limnings of the wonderfully changed woman. Lola was costumed in a half night and half morning robe, and she sat in a pretty garden—her hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and cadaverous complexion formed a remarkable contrast to the gay flowers. She was unable to utter an intelligible word, except spasmodically, and after repeated efforts. Her mouth was frothing like that of one in partial convulsions, and she was unconsciously wiping it, as little boys do, by drawing it across the sleeve of her dress. In fact, she had the strange, wild appearance and behavior of a quiet idiot, and is evidently lost to all further interest in the world around her, and its affairs. And so ends her eventful history!"

STORY OF A CIRCUS BOY.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says that several years ago, a young lad, the son of wealthy parents residing in Concord, New Hampshire, became fascinated with the glitter of a wandering circus and ran away to join its company. He was sought for, was not found, and was mourned for as one dead. He became a skillful rider, and rose in his profession. Three years ago he was performing in Mississippi, when his brother recognized him and induced him to return home, he being still young. The reclaimed man entered Dartmouth College, and was progressing rapidly in his studies, when a circus company visited the village of Hanover, and he obeyed his impulses once more, leaving college to resume his vagabond life. The other day, at Knoxville, Tennessee, he was thrown from his horse in the ring, and was killed.

A SAD STORY.

The *Tribune* says: "A pretty but weak girl of seventeen, the daughter of a widow in Rockford, Illinois, recently advertised for a husband, 'just for the romance of the thing.' She obtained, not a husband but a seducer, in the person of a gambler named Moore, who had returned from Pike's Peak for the winter. He started recently to return to the diggings, taking her (it is supposed) along; and the next thing known of her by her friends is the discovery, near Ottumwa, Iowa, of her dead body, bearing incontestable marks of murder."

A WARNING TO FOLLOWERS OF BLONDIN.

A man named Robert Winchell, residing in Shokan, Ulster county, met with a fatal accident a few days since, while trying to imitate Blondin. It appears that a traveling company had arrived at Shokan, and part of the performance was an out-door tight-rope exhibition by Madame Carolista. A rope had been stretched from a high pole to the top of a tannery, and the lady had accomplished her part, when Winchell proposed to go over the rope in a new style, and, ascending the pole, started to cross over by seizing the rope with both hands, allowing his body to hang downward. He actually accomplished this feat to the opposite side, but could not gain a footing, and being completely exhausted, he let go his hold and fell with great force to the ground, a distance of about thirty feet. His right arm and several ribs were broken, besides other internal injuries. He was attended by Drs. Crispell and Brink, but their efforts could not save his life. He lingered three or four days and expired. Winchell was a married man, about thirty years of age.

A COUNCILMAN SHOT BY A BALLET-GIRL.

We read in the Cincinnati *Commercial* of Sept. 24: "William H. Glass, member of the City Council from the Fourth Ward, was shot in the lower jaw, and badly wounded, at half past three o'clock yesterday afternoon, by Eliza White, a ballet-girl, at his confectionery store, on Vine Street, near Second. It appears that for a long time an attachment has existed between the parties, and that for the past three weeks Glass has refused to give the girl any countenance, or to speak to her. At the above-mentioned hour he was standing in his door, and seeing her approach, passed into the engine-house adjoining. She, however, lingered around until his return, and followed him into the store, but what passed between them we could not learn. Glass came out, called officer Fisher, and told him to persuade Eliza to leave, as she was annoying him. Fisher did so, and she promised to be obedient if permitted to speak a word to Glass, who had gone into a back-room. Permission was granted. She went in, asked him to make up their difficulty, and upon his avowing his intention to never speak to her again, she drew a pistol and shot him; the ball passed upward and through the chin, breaking the lower jaw, and came out at the base of the tongue. It is supposed that the wounded man swallowed the ball, as it has not been found. The wound is severe, but not fatal. Fisher immediately arrested the girl, and as he was conveying her to the station-house she requested permission to stop at her room, which is on Third Street, and in the vicinity. The officer accompanied her to the door, and a moment afterward she seized a laudanum bottle and drank off its contents. By prompt remedies her life was saved, although she lay for a long time in a very precarious condition. The poor girl seems to have a great affection for her victim, and in her waking moments last night was continually lamenting that she was not permitted to die with him. She would not believe but that he was killed. Among her trinkets was a double-cased medallion containing their pictures, for which she begged incessantly until the officers returned it to her. It is probable that the case will be prosecuted.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. Joseph Barbiere, who was sent to Europe in June last, as Commissioner from the State of Tennessee, on the question of "Direct Trade," was a passenger by the *Adriatic*, and has taken rooms at the Everett House. The *Herald* learns that, so far as the initiative is concerned, the mission is a complete success. Mr. Barbiere visited over two hundred and fifty manufactories in Belgium and Germany, and succeeded, by personally presenting the subject to the manufacturers, in inducing them to make a trial shipment. Accordingly, the *Henry* leaves Antwerp this month for Savannah, Georgia, with a cargo of assorted goods of Belgian and German manufacture. These fabrics will be exhibited at a Fair to be held in December next at Macon. Thus, then, this next commercial movement may be regarded as a fixed fact. It remains to be seen whether Southern merchants will sustain it.

The names of the ladies with whom the Prince of Wales danced at the recent ball at Hamilton, Canada West, are these: Mrs. David M'Nab, Miss Mills, Miss M'Nab, Miss Widder, Miss Smith, Miss Thomas, Mrs. William Lawrason, Miss Strickland, Miss Murney, Miss Powell, Miss Emily Murney, Miss Proudfoot, Miss Benson, Miss Geddee, Miss Reynolds.

Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft, now in Canada, proceed *via* Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, and Detroit to Chicago, and return to New York about the 5th or 6th inst.

Among the passengers who arrived at Boston in the *Europa* on Friday were Robert Dale Owen, late United States Minister at Naples, and Mr. Robert Chambers, the well-known Scottish publisher and author. Mr. Chambers was born in 1802 at Peebles.

The Beloit (Wisconsin) *Journal* tells of a singular accident by which Miss Alice Foster, a young lady eighteen years of age, lost her life. She was riding on horseback with her brother as an escort, when her horse became frightened, and swerving suddenly to one side, unseated her and threw her against a sharp poplar pole with such force that it penetrated her thigh and severed the femoral artery. Her brother immediately conveyed her home, but she died of hemorrhage soon after reaching there.

It will be remembered that some weeks ago a lady named White was robbed of many diamonds at Saratoga, the value of the plunder being nearly $6000. A suspicious pair of persons, male and female, presently appeared at a Boston hotel, gorgeously attired, and clearly afflicted with jewelry. The police at once sent to Saratoga for a description of a certain woman there, supposed to be the diamond thief; the description came, and was found to apply closely to the female just spoken of as at Boston; but the birds had flown to Halifax, and thence to England.

La Mountain, the balloonist, has had another perilous adventure. He made an ascent from Albany, and traveled at the rate of a mile a minute for about thirty miles, when he attempted to land at East Lanesboro', Massachusetts. He was caught in a tornado, and dashed against a stone wall with such violence as to knock him senseless. The balloon, however, cleared the wall, and dragged at a fearful rate of speed for a considerable distance, until it finally collapsed, being torn nearly to tatters. La Mountain was thrown out, and remained unconscious for half an hour, though he was immediately taken care of by some persons who witnessed his perilous descent. He was terribly bruised, though fortunately none of his bones were broken.

The Right Honorable J. W. Wilson, the Superintendent of the Financial Department of the Indian Government, died of cholera, at Calcutta, just before the departure of the last mail, and Sir Henry Ward, Governor of Bombay, also died about the same time. The loss to India, in the death of Mr. Wilson, is thought to be nearly irreparable. Mr. Wilson's life and career has been a singular one. At the age of thirty-seven he was a bankrupt tradesman—or mechanic—a hatter—and he then turned his attention to journalism, wrote several successful pamphlets, established the *Economist* newspaper, and in a few years found himself a member of Parliament and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. He was sent out to India to resuscitate and set up the finances of that country, so long robbed and plundered and sucked to a famished skeleton by the cormorant rule of the East India Company. He seemed likely to succeed when he was removed by death, and not yet fifty years of age.

Several thousand Polish Jews have recently passed through Posen on their way to the United States, *via* Berlin and Hamburg. The German papers say that such an exodus of the children of Israel has not been witnessed since that out of Egypt.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

ANOTHER SPEECH FROM THE EMPEROR.

THE following is a full translation of the Emperor's speech at Marseilles, as published in the *Moniteur*:

"GENTLEMEN,—The banquet offered by the Chamber of Commerce gives me the happy opportunity of publicly thanking the city of Marseilles for the warm reception it has given to the Empress and to myself. The unanimous demonstrations of attachment which we have received since the commencement of our journey touch me deeply, but do not make me more proud; for my only merit has been to have full faith in Divine Providence, as well as in the patriotism and good sense of the French people. It is this intimate union between people and sovereign which constitutes our strength at home as well as abroad, and which has enabled us, notwithstanding great difficulties, never to pause in our progressive march. This desire for what is good, this enthusiasm for all that is noble and useful, can not abate now, when circumstances are more favorable and tranquillity is the wish of all the world. If envious murmurs should reach us from afar, let us not be disturbed on that account; they will break against our indifference like the waves of the ocean on our shores. Let us labor, then, with all our strength to develop the resources of our country; the works of peace have, in my eyes, crowns as beautiful as those of laurel. In the future of prosperity and greatness which I contemplate for France, Marseilles naturally holds a large place, from its energy and the intelligence of its inhabitants, as well as from its geographical position. Close to the military port of Toulon, it appears to me to represent on its shores the genius of France—holding an olive branch in one hand, but feeling its sword at its side. Let her reign in peace upon that sea, the Phocæan city, by the calm influence of commerce; let her civilize barbarous nations by increased traffic; let her draw closer the bonds of civilized nations. Let her induce the people of Europe to come and shake hands upon the poetical shores of this sea, and sink in the depth of its waters the jealous faults of a past age. Finally, let Marseilles always show herself beautiful as I now behold her—that is to say, in keeping with the destinies of France—and one of my most ardent wishes will be accomplished. I drink the health of the city of Marseilles."

ITALY.

FLIGHT OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

Francis the Second, ex-King of Naples, fled from his capital on 6th September. The London *Times* correspondent writes: "This has been the most eventful and the most marvelous day in the recent history of the Two Sicilies, and I can scarcely realize what I have witnessed. Every one was on the alert in the morning as to the report of the intended departure of his Majesty. By universal consent he was voted politically dead many hours before he left. On passing through the city I saw workmen taking down the royal arms from the doors of shops licensed to sell certain articles, and from lottery offices. Crowds were hanging about the Palace, or looking over the walls of the Arsenal, watching the preparations for the royal journey. In Santa Lucia the cannon, which have for so many years been pointed against the King's most beloved subjects, were being removed, and I felt that my chances of security were now far greater than they had been in the morning."

HIS LAST ADIEUX.

After the King had sailed, the following proclamations were published:

"NAPLES, *September 6*, 1860.

"ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

"Among the duties prescribed to kings, those of the days of misfortune are the grandest and the most solemn, and these duties I intend to fulfill with resignation, free from weakness, and with a serene and confident heart, as befits the descendants of so many monarchs.

"For such a purpose I once more address my voice to the people of this metropolis, from whom I am now to depart with bitter grief.

"An unjust war, carried on in contravention to the law of nations, has invaded my States, notwithstanding the fact that I was at peace with European Powers.

"The changed order of government, and my adhesion to the great principles of Italian nationality, were not sufficient to ward off the war; and moreover, the necessity of defending the integrity of the State entailed upon me the obligations of events which I have always deplored. I now solemnly protest against this indescribable hostility, concerning which present and future time will pronounce their solemn verdict.

"The diplomatic corps residing at my court has known, since the commencement of this unexpected invasion, with what sentiments my heart has been filled for all my people, as well as for this illustrious city, with a view of securing her from ruin and war, of saving her inhabitants and all their property, her sacred churches, her monuments, her public buildings, her collections of art, and all that which forms the patrimony of her civilization and of her greatness, and which, being an inheritance of future generations, is superior to the passions of a day.

HIS UNUTTERABLE GRIEF.

"The time has now come to fulfill these professions of mine. The war is now approaching the walls of the city, and with unutterable grief I am now about to depart with a portion of my army to betake myself whither the defense of my rights calls me. The remainder of my army is left in company with the honorable National Guard, in order to protect the inviolability and safety of the capital, which I recommend as a sacred treasure to the zeal of the Ministry; and I call upon the honor and the civic feeling of the Mayor of Naples and of the commandant of the said National Guard to spare this most beloved country of mine the horrors of internal discord and the disasters of civil war, for which purpose I concede to the above-named the widest powers that they may require.

"As a descendant of a dynasty that has reigned over this continent for one hundred and twenty-six years, after having preserved it from the horrors of a long vice-royalty, the affections of my heart are here. I am a Neapolitan, nor could I, without bitter grief, address words of farewell to my most dearly-beloved people, to my fellow-citizens.

"Whatever may be my destiny, be it prosperous or adverse, I shall always preserve for them a passionate and affectionate remembrance. I recommend to them concord, peace, and strict observance of their civic duties. Let not an excessive zeal for my destiny be made a pretense for disturbance.

"Whether from the fortunes of the present war I return shortly among you, or whatever may be the time at which it may please the justice of God to restore me to the throne of my ancestors—a throne made all the more splendid by the free institutions with which I have irrevocably surrounded it—all that I pray, from this time forth, is to behold again my people united, strong, and happy.

FRANCESCO II."

THE FIRST ACT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

After the King had gone, the following address was issued by the Prefect:

"Citizens,—The King is leaving. In the presence of a grand misfortune, and another principle which triumphs, your conduct can not be doubtful. The former imposes on you reserve in the presence of fallen majesty; the other demands of you self-denial, prudence, civil courage. No one of you will disturb the development of the heroic destinies of Italy; no one will think of lacerating the country with flagitious or vindictive hands. Rather you will calmly await the memorable day which will open a path to our country by which it may escape from dangers and difficulties without new convulsions or the shedding of the blood of our brothers. That day is near, but meantime let the city remain tranquil; let commerce pursue its course with confidence; let every one continue the ordinary occupations of life; let all opinions unite in a sublime agreement to save the country."

CALM OF THE CITY.

The London *Times* correspondent writes: "Judging, however, from the demeanor of the people, those precautions, one would say, were not at all necessary; for the city is as quiet as it well can be, and the only noise which distresses one is the horrid recitative of the Luciani fishermen just below my window. I really do not know which is the greatest marvel, the rapid and triumphant progress of Garibaldi or the perfect calm and order of the people. A throne has fallen, a king has left his capital, and yet the aspect of every thing is unchanged, the theatres are open, the guards stand at the palace gates, and all classes pursue their usual occupations."

FORMATION OF A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

As soon as his Majesty left a Provisional Government was formed, consisting of Pianelli, Libertini, Bella, Colonna, Conforti, Agresti, and Ricciardi. Cosenz was appointed pro-Dictator, and Bertani Secretary-General. This, of course, is subject to modification by Garibaldi. At the same time Liborio Romano, ex-Minister of the Interior, published the following address:

"TO THE MOST INVINCIBLE GENERAL GARIBALDI,
DICTATOR OF THE TWO SICILIES.

"With the greatest impatience Naples awaits your arrival to salute you as the redeemer of Italy, and place in your hands the powers of the State and its destinies. During this interval of expectation I shall remain firm for the maintenance of order and public tranquillity. Your voice, already made known by me to the people, is the great pledge of the success of such enterprises.

"I await your further orders, and am, with unbounded respect,

"LIBORIO ROMANO.

"NAPLES, *September* 7."

ARRIVAL OF GARIBALDI.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "At last twelve o'clock strikes, and a bell sounds, and from a distance a signal is made that Garibaldi is approaching. '*Viva* Garibaldi!' rises from a thousand voices, and the train stops; a few red-jackets get out, and they are seized, hugged, and kissed with that most unmerciful violence which characterizes Italian ardor. There was one poor elderly man, who, by virtue of his white beard, was taken for Garibaldi, and was slobbered so that I thought he must have sunk under the operation; but the great man had gone round by another door, and so there was a rush in all directions to intercept him. We drove round by a side street to the front of the Carmine, and thus by a knowing dodge we came in front of the Dictator. There is no mistaking that face; there is the grandeur and the openness of nature's nobleman expressed, and it does not say one thing while plotting another; it is marked by a loyalty which in vain might be sought for in that of many of the so-called great ones of the earth. I was much struck with his calm self-possession and the extreme sweetness of his smile. He was not in the carriage of the French Minister, though I believe it had been placed at his disposal, but in one hired for the occasion. Followed and accompanied by three lines of carriages he went along the Marinella, through the Basso Porto, surrounded by thousands, and deafened by their greetings, up the Lago Castello, and so on by San Carlo and the Palace of the King, which royalty left only a few hours before, and entered the palace of reception for foreign princes. The crowd waved backward and forward, and looked up to the windows and shouted for the appearance of Garibaldi. First came one red coat, then another, and at last the hero. What a cry of '*Viva*' there arose from the vast mass below! When last that balcony was occupied by a distinguished personage it was by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, but in answer to no calls, for there were only a few idlers who always hang about the palaces of princes.

HIS SPEECH TO THE PEOPLE.

"It was impossible to make himself heard amidst the noise and confusion, and so Garibaldi leaned over the iron railing and gazed intently on the crowd. A wave of the hand at last asked for silence, but in vain. '*Zitti, Zitti!*' rose from all sides, and there was a perfect silence.

"'Neapolitans,' said a voice as clear as a bell, and with an enunciation so distinct that nothing could fail to reach the ear—'this is a solemn, holy, and memorable day. This day, from being subjects under the yoke of tyranny, you have become a free people. I thank you in the name of the whole of Italy. You have performed a great work, not only for Italy, but for all humanity, whose rights you have vindicated. "Hurrah for liberty!" so much dearer to Italy inasmuch as she has suffered so much more than other nations. "Long Live Italy!"'

"The cry was taken up by the thousands assembled, '*Viva Italia!*' might have been heard from one end of the city to the other.

THE POPULAR ENTHUSIASM.

"There were curious spectacles to be witnessed in the crowd—there were members of a legion of Amazons to the number of two hundred, who, dressed in the Garibaldian uniform, had vowed to place themselves in front of the National Guard and of Garibaldi, in case the military had interfered. There were priests with tricolored scarfs over their shoulders and banners in their hands, and bareheaded monks with muskets on their shoulders. There were men and women with unsheathed swords and daggers and sword-sticks in their hands, which they brandished in all the drunkenness of enthusiasm. There were hundreds of Lazaroni, armed with pikes, which had been provided for the defense of the barricades, had the Bourbons driven the people to such extremes. Such were some of the scenes to be witnessed. I remarked that Garibaldi made not the slightest allusion to the name of Victor Emanuel, and I remarked also that, with few exceptions, the only cries in the streets were 'Viva Garibaldi!' 'Viva Italia!' On entering the palace and the room in which Garibaldi was received, I saw him giving audience to a deputation of Venetians. 'We are all ready and organized, General, and anxious to begin.' 'You can not be more anxious than I am,' was the reply, and then he left the room to repose and take some refreshment."

GARIBALDI DICTATOR IN EARNEST.

The first official act of Garibaldi after his arrival was to issue the following pithy proclamations:

"Without any orders from the Dictator, certain lists of names as of those forming the provisional government have been placarded. The public are warned against any surprise, it being the will of the Dictator that the guilty shall be punished."

The Prefect of Police, in another order, says:

"All the ships of war and merchant vessels belonging to the State of the Two Sicilies, the arsenals, materials of war, are added to the squadron of the King of Italy, Victor Emanuel, commanded by Admiral Persano.

"GARIBALDI."

THE NEXT DAY.

The London *Times* correspondent writes: "The town is at rest. We had last night a sort of political carnival, which was prolonged till a late hour. I had occasion to cross the narrowest and busiest streets along the ward of Santa Lucia and the port, and found the industrious classes of Naples as silent and unconcerned as if nothing had happened. But along the Riviera and Strada di Chiaia the houses were mostly lighted up, and Toledo was thronged with an insane multitude, a prey to a Bacchanalian fury which I should be sorry if I was able to describe. The crowd consisted of the lowest rabble, with a sprinkling of men and women of the middle orders. It was a flag-and-torch procession, with cries and shouts, such as can only be uttered by Neapolitan throats. Besides the incessant, deafening 'Viva Garrubbaldo! Viva Galibalda!' and a hundred other distortions of the name of the hero of the day to which we begin to be accustomed, the cry was 'Una—una—una! Viva l'Italia Una! Vegliamo l'Italia Una!' There were a few shouts for Victor Emanuel, and an occasional exclamation of 'Death to the Bourbons!' For the rest, the huge mob did not know what it wished, or what all the noise was about. But it did not care—it swarmed and eddied and boiled and bubbled about like the waves at Charybdis—throng of carriages, throng of men, throng of women, the men brandishing naked swords, or waving flags or hats; the women bareheaded, disheveled, with disordered garments, cheering, embracing, and kissing, as they passed each other, like so many victims of a rabid drunkenness, in which, however, drink had no part. Many of the women were girls of loose character about town. They had been flaunting about in hackney coaches from an early hour, and showed now how a legion of Vesuviennes could be much better mustered here in Naples than at Paris; but I saw also, in the evening, young women of a better description—girls of eighteen or nineteen—belonging to the class immediately below the middle orders, modest girls, as one could safely judge from appearances, whom the tide of popular passion had allured into that giddy turmoil. We stood—my friend Silvio Sparenta and I—gazing at one of these young standard-bearers, who was a paragon of loveliness—a cherub face, lighted up with the fire of more than human excitement. Such glowing eyes—such flushed complexion—you would have said an archangel was leading the heavenly hosts. There was a mingling and blending of classes and sexes; a full license to beggars and pickpockets to jostle honest citizens and patriots; yet the many-headed monster was in its best humor. We did not see one case of actual drunkenness, nor did we hear of a row or fight, or any other accident or offense."

INVASION OF THE PAPAL STATES BY THE SARDINIANS.

On 10th the Sardinian army crossed the frontier, and invaded the Papal States. According to a telegram from Turin the Sardinian troops attacked and took Pesaro on the 12th inst. The losses sustained by the Sardinians under General Cialdini were trifling. Twelve hundred German soldiers, under the command of Monsignor Bella, who were shut up in the fortress, were made prisoners. Monsignor Bella, who had ordered the sack of the town, had been brought to Turin.

MOVEMENTS OF LAMORICIERE.

Lamoricière, who seems to have no more than 8000 men at his disposal, has fallen back upon Ancona before the rapidly advancing Piedmontese. General Cialdini, on the 12th, advanced as far as Fano, a fortified town in Urbino, where he made some prisoners; and a second Sardinian *corps d'armée*, which has been recently "mobilized," was following in his steps. It was expected that the lines of defense of the Pontifical army would shortly be attacked by an overwhelming force of 45,000 men, so that resistance is utterly hopeless.

A telegram from Turin, dated the 13th inst., says that General Cialdini, after having followed the enemy's corps on the road to Ancona and dispersed them, had re-entered Sinigalia with 200 German prisoners.

PERUGIA IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

General Lamoricière had declared Perugia in a state of siege, and had issued a proclamation threatening death, confiscation of property, and a heavy fine, against the inhabitants for a mere fracture of the telegraph wires.

THE INSURRECTION AT PESARO.

The outbreak in the Roman States is said to have commenced in Pesaro, where the troops of Lamoricière were driven out by 400 citizens. This was the signal for a struggle in all the Marches. At Montefeltro, Urbino, and several other places, the insurrectionary standard was raised amidst cries for Italy and Victor Emanuel. The chief of the insurrection, says a Turin letter in the *Constitutionnel*, is Prince Simonetti, a large land-owner, and the most highly respected personage in the Marches. He has for some time past resided at Bologna, where he was chosen deputy at the last elections. As soon as the agitation commenced in his own country, he thought it his duty to join in it, and he immediately hastened into the midst of the people, who, if left to themselves, would perhaps have given to their movement a character of disorder and violence, which his authority alone will prevent. Umbria has already followed the example of the Marches. These two countries declare themselves to be bound together by a community of suffering and of hopes. The insurrection of Umbria has manifested itself at Orvieto, which is at only a very short distance from the Tuscan frontier of Piedmont.

HOW VICTOR EMANUEL JUSTIFIES THE ACT.

The *Official Gazette* of Turin publishes a Government memorandum, addressed by the King of Sardinia to his representatives abroad, and dated the 12th of September. This memorandum explains the state of things in Italy since the peace of Villafranca. It adverts to the refusal of the Court of Rome to accede to the demand of Sardinia to disband the foreign legions, and justifies by imperative reasons the step taken by Sardinia. The Sardinian Government could not allow the Italian movement to dissipate itself in anarchy and disorder. The memorandum confirms the assurance already given that the royal troops will scrupulously respect Rome and the surrounding territory, and makes an appeal to the Holy Father, who, some years ago, inaugurated the national movement. The memorandum thus concludes:

"When the Pope shall recognize the regeneration of Italy, which enters among the designs of Providence, he will again become the father of the Italians, as he has never ceased to be the august and reverable father of all the faithful."

APPEAL TO HIS TROOPS.

Victor Emanuel has issued to his troops the following proclamation:

"Soldiers!—You enter the Marches and Umbria to restore civil order in desolated towns; to give the people liberty to express their own wishes. You have not to fight powerful armies, but only to deliver unhappy Italian provinces from the presence of companies of foreign adventurers. You are not to avenge any injuries done to me or to Italy, but simply to prevent popular hatred from breaking out against the oppressors. You are to teach by your example the pardon of offenses and Christian toleration to those who compare the love of our Italian country to Islamism. Being at peace with all the great Powers, and averse to all provocation, I intend to make a continual cause of disturbance and discord disappear from the centre of Italy. I intend to respect the throne of the chief of the Church, to whom I am always ready to give, in concert with the allied and friendly Powers, all those guarantees of independence and security which his blind advisers have in vain hoped from the fanaticism of the perverse sect which conspires against my authority and the liberty of the nation.

"Soldiers!—I am accused of ambition. Yes! I have that of restoring the principles of moral order in Italy, and of preserving Europe from the continual dangers of revolution and war."

THE ATTITUDE OF THE GREAT POWERS.

The Papal Government is about to address a memorandum to all the European Powers, protesting against the Sardinian invasion of the Roman territory. This memorandum explains that the enrollment of foreign volunteers, of which Sardinia complains in her ultimatum, was principally due to the counsels of Austria and France; the latter Power having, after the Paris Congress in 1853, insisted on the formation of a Papal army.

Several Powers have protested against the entry of the Sardinians into the States of the Church, as an attack upon international rights. Russia and Prussia protested in the strongest terms, but would take no other step.

The French Embassador has withdrawn from Turin. The Paris *Moniteur* of the 14th says:

"In presence of the facts which have not been accomplished in Italy the Emperor has resolved that his Minister shall immediately quit Turin. A secretary will remain there to conduct the business of the legation."

The withdrawal of the French Minister from Turin is generally regarded as merely a diplomatic protest.

ROME TO BE HELD BY THE FRENCH.

General Guyon leaves Paris for Rome on the 13th, to take command of the French troops. It was asserted that the French army at Rome will be increased to 10,000 men.

GERMANY.

THE BANK AT HOMBURG BROKEN.

The *Court Journal* says: "The gambling table of Homburg was twice broken in one day, last week, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the company; one of the successful players, Monsieur Garcia, a Spaniard, has left Homburg, carrying with him £20,000 of winnings."

SWITZERLAND.

ANOTHER ALPINE TRAVELER LOST.

The Rev. Y. G. Watson, chaplain of Gray's Inn, has met with a similar fate in the Tyrol to that which recently befell the three Englishmen who perished in crossing the Col du Geant. Mr. Watson, accompanied by Mr. Frederick, a barrister of Cork, and a guide, was crossing a glacier pass, when he fell into a chasm ninety feet deep. His body was not recovered until twelve hours afterward. A post-mortem examination showed that his death must have been instantaneous.

SPAIN.

TERRIBLE SCENE AT A BULL-FIGHT.

The Spanish journals relate an alarming scene at a recent bull-fight at Saragossa. After three bulls, which did not show much spirit, had been disposed of by the toreador Cuchares, a popular performer, a fourth was let loose, and he displayed great violence. He tore into shreds the bandarillas which were presented to him by the picadores, and then all at once leaped over a palisade at a spot where a soldier was standing, and so injured the man that he died shortly after. A little later, the bull jumped over the barrier among the spectators. Six thousand persons were assembled, and with cries and screams all rushed to the issues to escape, causing a scene of frightful confusion. The toreador, sword in hand, attempted to kill the animal; and several soldiers on duty as sentinels endeavored to do the same with their swords and bayonets; some of the spectators, too, fired pistols at it, and in so doing wounded certain persons. At length the toreador got in front of the bull, and with a stab skillfully applied laid him dead at his feet. The journals do not say that any persons were killed or even injured in the subsequent confusion.

CHINA.

THE LANDING AT TAKU.

Letters from China state that the French forces would land to the south, and the English to the north of the Taku forts. The whole British force, consisting of 12,110 men, with seven batteries of artillery and a siege train, had reached the rendezvous at Ta-lien-whan. The commencement of operations was delayed solely on account of the French not being ready.

NEW ZEALAND.

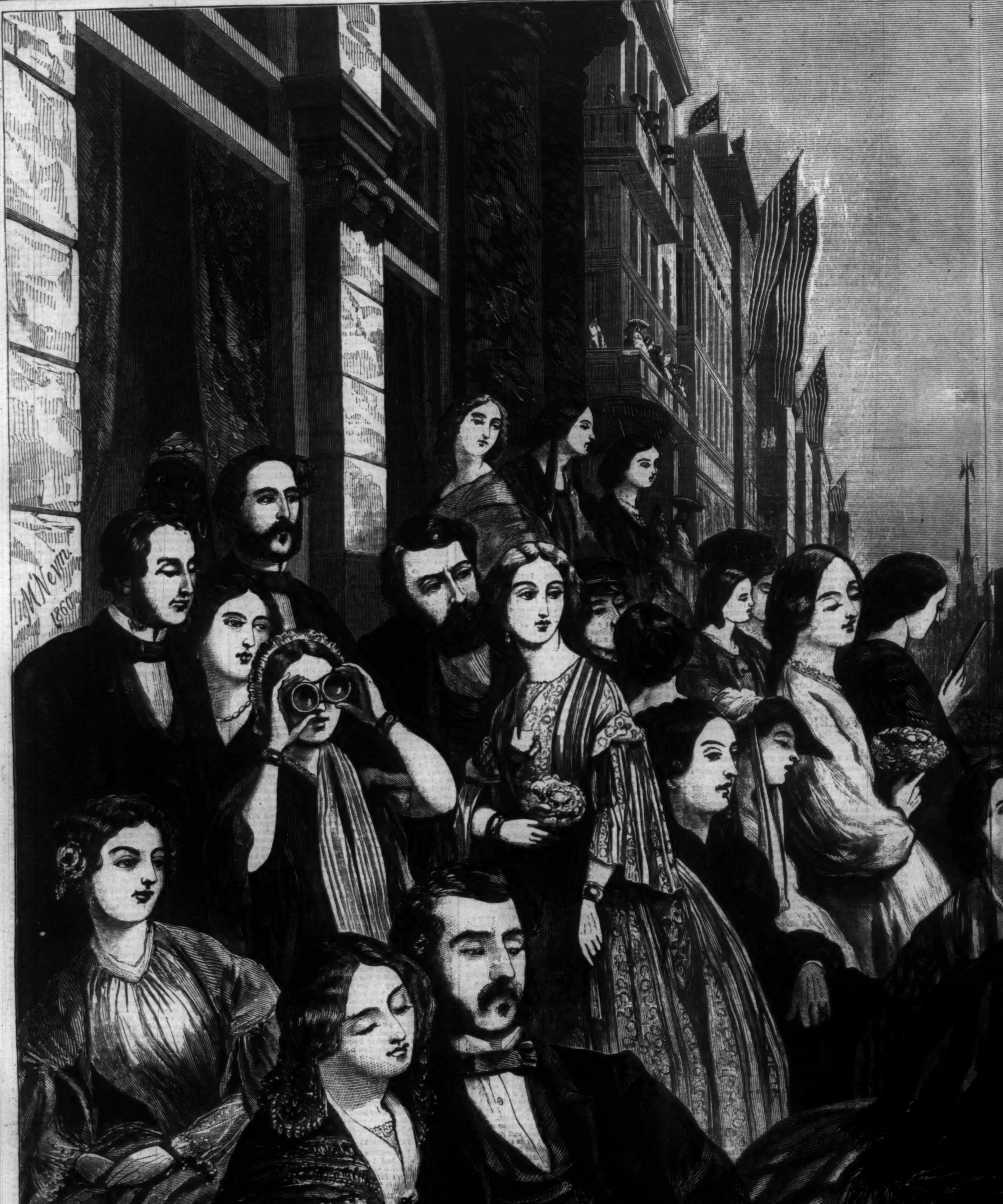
A BRITISH FORCE DEFEATED.

The English attacking party at Maitland, New Zealand, consisted of 347 men. The natives lay down on the ground until the men were close upon them, when they sprang up, fired their double-barreled guns, and met the bayonet charge of their adversaries with the tomahawk, keeping up a hand-to-hand fight. The retreat of the English was so urgent that their dead and a few of their wounded were left on the battle-field. It is also reported that the natives took one gun. Great complaints are made against Colonel Gould, the commander of the attacking party, for not calling to his aid an additional force, who were said to be within his reach.

HONDURAS.

WALKER SHOT.

The British war steamer *Gladiator* has arrived below New Orleans with the remnant of Walker's filibuster force. Walker was executed on the 12th ult. It is stated that ten shots were fired at him, amidst the cheers of the native spectators. His remains were subsequently buried by foreigners, the natives refusing to take any part in the ceremony. Colonel Rudler was sentenced to [illegible] years' imprisonment.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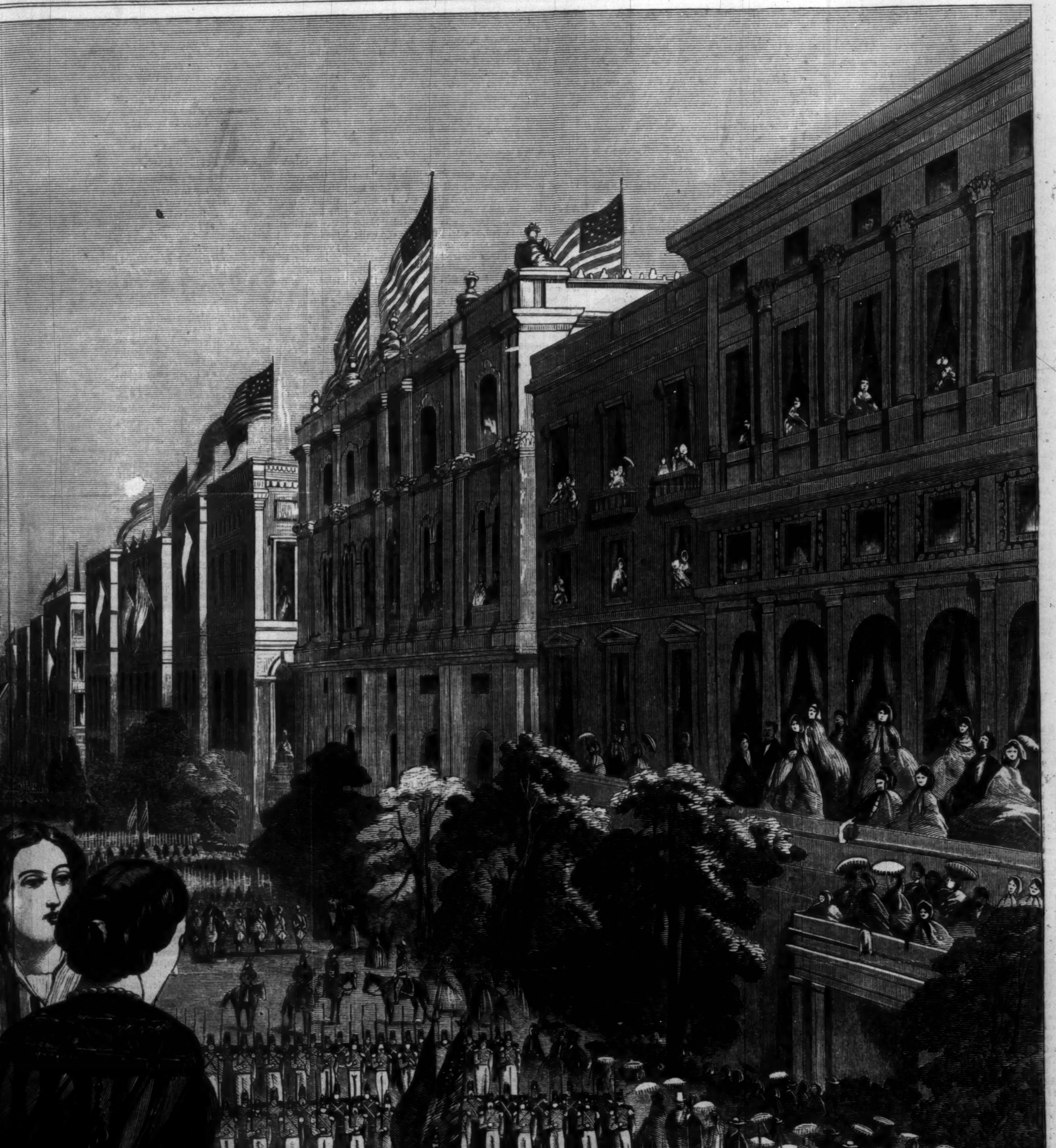
BROADWAY.—RESPECTFULLY DEDIC



DICATED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him;
He died with his face to you all:
Yet bury him here where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured, and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips, over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see!) never was loaded—
He facing your guns with that smile.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands—
"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

"Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me
A ball in the body, which may
Deliver my heart here and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away."

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay—but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side;

One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

But he—without witness or honor,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her—
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? nay, grudge not to show it
While digging a grave for him here.
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory: let *him* have a tear.

VENUS OVER THE MONK'S TOWER.

I REMEMBER, one sunny evening very long ago, when I was a child, Nurse sitting with my little brother on her arm fast asleep, while I dragged tale after tale from her with insatiable greediness; how, from her romantic heroes and heroines I rambled off to my own father and mother, marveling how my father, who was gray-headed, and, in my eyes, an old, old man, came to marry my mother, so young and merry and beautiful; but on this head Nurse was silent. I remember, too, another evening, when I ran to her with a treasure I had ferreted out of some rubbish in a lumber room—a dusty thing, all covered with cobwebs; but I held it forth in a tremor of excitement, crying out that it was a picture of one of those great soldiers she used to tell me about. It was the portrait of a soldier, and she took it from me gravely, and when she saw my mother coming down the garden, hid it away in her bosom, bidding me hush.

Shortly after that we had a birthday feast in a little half-ruined tower in the garden, which we called the "Monk's Tower." A glorious place it was, where we might go in wet weather; where we might make any amount of noise; where Nurse used to sit and tell the tales I loved. And this evening there were healths to be drunk, speeches made, cake to be eaten; and the fun was at its height when a message came to Nurse that we were to go in, for "a grand gentleman from the wars was come."

The little one, as my brother was called, cried out that he would not go; but Nurse gave us visions of scarlet cloth, glittering epaulets, and all sorts of glories—none of which we were destined to see. The grand gentleman wore a black coat, with one sleeve pinned up; and terribly shocked I was, in my superior perception, when Totty crept up to him and pulled at it, asking, gravely, "Where he kept his other arm."

He laughed, and when he laughed Totty stole back to my side, staring at him fiercely. He had a sun-burned face and thick brown mustaches, and my mother seemed glad to see him. She called him "Cousin Charles," and smiled and talked and looked so beautiful, that I was more attracted to her than to the stranger. My father had pushed back his plate, and was busy with his pencil; for just at this time he had a mania for discovering perpetual motion; he had invented and taken a patent for something which Nurse told us was very clever indeed, and only one thing was wanted to make it quite what he aimed at.

"Nelly," said Totty, when we were in the nursery, "I don't like him; do you? He's ugly."

But I was watching Nurse's face as I whispered, "Nurse, it is the portrait man."

She stooped and kissed us both, saying nothing. I don't think she liked him either.

The nursery was over my father's dressing-room, and looked out upon the Monk's Tower. I remember standing at the window that night, watching the long shadow of the tower upon the gravel, and filling it with ghostly inhabitants, till terror seized me, and I hurried into bed, covering myself close, and shivering.

But the grand gentleman did not go away. We were told to call him Cousin Charles; and after a while he used to follow us about into the garden, and try to make friends. Once he even came to the Monk's Tower, and began taking Totty on his knee, calling him Master Trot.

"My name is not Trot," said the boy, struggling; "and you are ugly, and I don't like you."

I saw the soldier's eyes twinkle fiercely, but he only laughed.

"I hate you!" said Totty, who had escaped, and was clinging to Nurse's hand; "If I had a gun I would shoot you! I shall tell mamma to send you away."

"Pretty pupils you have got here!" said Cousin Charles, sharply; but Nurse bent over Totty without answering, and he went away.

"Why does he stay here, Nurse?"

It was my constant question. I was afraid of him; I could not bear to feel his step following me; I shuddered when he touched me. Nurse said he had been mamma's play-fellow when they were both children. I could not think how she bore with him.

A month had passed since the birthday feast, when I saw Cousin Charles one evening coming down toward us in the Monk's Tower. Nurse rose and went to meet him. They spoke together a moment, and I saw the scowl on his face as he turned away. Oh, how I feared him!

When we went into tea my mother and he were laughing over some pictures, and my father pored as usual over a book. He laid it down, however, and said something about their being very merry; and after tea, when the piano was opened, he got up, contrary to his custom, and stood over it. No one took any notice of him; but from my corner of the sofa, with Totty's head leaning on my lap, one thumb in his mouth and the other crawling about my neck, I watched my father in silent and wondering terror, while he bit his lips and knitted his brows, and a white look of anger came over his face.

Suddenly he put Cousin Charles aside violently, and began turning over the leaves for my mother himself. The soldier's solitary arm was raised and hung over his white head for a moment. I cried out—how was I to help it?

My father turned and said, savagely, "Children, go to bed! Why are you here?"

As we left the room I saw that my mother had risen, and was looking from one to the other in wonder, and perhaps terror; while Cousin Charles, seeming to recover himself, smiled, shook hands with her, wished my father good-night, and followed us.

I hid my face on Nurse's lap and cried. She asked no questions; probably she knew more than I did.

All the next morning we kept away out of sight. I learned my lessons, but mamma did not come as usual to hear them; and in the evening, as we lingered in the garden, the front door opened suddenly, and my father came out. Great lines were on his forehead, his eyes shone, and his lips were pressed down like they had been the night before.

"Nurse, where is your mistress?"

"Mammy is there," sung out Totty, pointing to the gate, "with the ugly soldier."

Anger was on the ugly soldier's face also, and something more. Whatever my mother had done or said to him, there was that in his eye which I knew, child as I was, threatened vengeance deep and terrible.

"Mammy looks like a white ghost," said Totty, putting in his voice again.

She *was* white. Leaving the soldier, she was coming, with her hand stretched out, to my father, when something—his look I suppose—stopped her half-way. It sank back to her side, and the next moment she was lying on the gravel at his feet.

Putting Totty's hand in mine, Nurse hurried us into the house, and went back again. Wondering and sorrowful, I questioned her when she came up to the nursery; but she was sad too, and very grave. Mamma was better; I must be satisfied, and ask no questions.

We saw Cousin Charles no more. We never heard so much as his name mentioned, except by Totty, whom Nurse soon silenced.

But what terrible blight had he left behind him! What change had come over my father! Though preoccupied and busy over his books and papers, he had always been gentle and loving to us, his children; now, we dared no longer go near him. He would turn his back upon us, speaking, if he spoke at all, savage words of anger and disgust, as though he hated the very sight of us.

And my mother—sitting there so pale and quiet—what new look was that on her face, what blight had come over her? She watched my father closely, she could hardly spare a thought from him for us, even for Totty, who clamored and stormed after his wonted amount of petting, until she was fain to put him away gently, and beg for peace. Instinct seemed to tell her my father's wants; I have seen her offer him something imploringly, and he would shrink and turn away as if her hand had been a serpent.

I did not understand it all: I only knew it was very wretched, and in some blundering way laid the blame on Cousin Charles.

Every thing seemed to be changed. The house had itself put on a desolate look, the servants went about quietly, the garden was dreary, and even the Monk's Tower had lost a portion of its fascination. There was always some underthought which would not be driven away.

My mother grew paler and quieter; she could no longer bear with Totty's rough caresses or his noisy play. Once telling me to take him to the nursery, she put her hand on my head, and looked into my face earnestly, as if about to say something; but her lips began to tremble, and as she motioned me away I saw two tears roll quietly down her white cheek. Oh! I could have cried with her then—I could have broken my heart for her.

I do not know how long this lasted, but I know when a change came. We were sitting with my mother after breakfast, Totty and I, as she lay, white and wan, on the sofa, hearing my lessons, when my father entered the room. How she started as the door opened, and then began trembling all over as like one in a fit. Surely a desperate spirit possessed my father that morning. Clenching in one hand something which looked like a letter, he stamped up to the sofa and stood before us.

"Children, begone; off with you, driveling little hypocrite"—for Totty had begun to cry—"off with you this moment, and don't show your faces here again!"

I could not stop to quiet the "little one," but ran off to find Nurse and tell her. She bade me go to the nursery and keep Totty good. I obeyed. All day long we staid there. Once or twice nurse came to us, looking anxious and troubled. Mamma had gone to bed, she told us, not very well; Totty must be good and make no noise.

So I told him long dreary tales, till at last his head dropped on my lap, and he slept there, helpless and happy. Then I felt, for the first time, tears were running down my cheeks.

When supper-time came I could hardly arouse Totty to take any; and, to spare Nurse, I put him into bed myself, and then got into my own.

I had been asleep, dreaming strange dreams about Cousin Charles, the Monk's Tower, and mamma. When I awoke there was a candle blinking over its long wick on the table, and Nurse was pacing up and down, with her hands clasped before her.

"He is a hard man, a hard man," I heard her mutter, quietly; I watched till she stooped down over Totty, to kiss him, and took up the light to go away. Then I called after her:

"Nurse, nurse, come here; I can not bear it!"

"Bear what?"

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know. I can not bear it—you must not go."

She looked at me gravely.

"Miss Nelly, you have been good enough till now; what ails you?"

"It is so miserable."

"We have all got something to bear; yours doesn't seem much, take it quietly. I must go down stairs—God alone knows what to do; but you must not keep me here."

I suffered her to go; but as she reached the door a horrible dread of being left alone in the dark, to my own thoughts and imaginings, seized me. In a moment I was out of bed, following the retreating light. I dared not speak, for fear of being scolded and sent back. As quietly as possible I followed, until Nurse turned toward the door of my father's dressing-room. I would have retreated now, from very dread of what might be going to happen; but a look back into the dark passage made me shudder and press on.

As she opened the door noiselessly I squeezed myself into a corner of the passage, that I might not be discovered. And inside I saw my father, sitting with his arms spread out on the table, and his head upon them. Beside him lay the crumpled paper, which he had evidently been trying to smooth out. For a moment nurse hesitated, then advancing she looked over it. I know now, though I did not then, that it contained, in what seemed to be my mother's hand,

"To-night—when Venus shines over the Monk's Tower.
HELEN."

As the paper rustled my father looked up. I trembled for Nurse; but she was an old friend, and knew her privileges. Staring at her a moment he seized her arm suddenly, and hiding the candle behind a curtain he took her to the window opposite which I stood, a shivering ghost in a night-dress; he raised the blind, and pointed out where a star was shining brightly over the Monk's Tower.

Then, as if nothing more remained to do or say, he came back to his seat and settled himself as before. But Nurse stood there gravely, with her hand on the paper.

"This is a forgery!"

He raised his head, but did not answer.

"I must go on now, if you kill me for it—as you may, for you are cruel enough. My darling—my mistress I mean—never deceived you or any one. If you had spoken to her before, instead of murdering her silently, you would have known, as I know, that this is a villain's revenge for her pure duty to you."

He pointed to the letter, and waved her away impatiently.

"A forgery," she repeated, her voice growing a little louder. "I will swear it, so that you shall not dare to disbelieve longer. By all my hopes of happiness—by all I hold sacred—by the cross on the back of that holy book—I swear it. Come, and hear her speak for herself."

I staid for no more. Flying along the passage, up stairs, trembling and sobbing, I hid myself under the bed-clothes, a quivering mass of terror.

And now, lastly, I remember a night but a short time after, when Nurse came to rouse us from sleep, suddenly, and in haste; when I heard her sob heavily, but saw no tears; when she wrapped something round us, and carrying Totty, all rosy and helpless with sleep, gave her hand to me, and bade me keep quiet, for mamma wanted to see us. Down stairs in the chill night, all grave and silent, and unnatural—down into mamma's room. And I remember my father's arm on the pillow, and her face on his bosom, white and deathlike; when Totty was put forward first to kiss her, and I followed. I remember my father's cry—"My darling, my darling!"—as he watched her, and her low answer that came by snatches, telling how happy he had always made her; how good and kind he had been, making her life so bright always; but for this one mistake, which was her fault, and forgotten now, she had scarcely known trouble; and now she was happy again—so happy! A low cry from my father, a cry so full of misery that Nurse, as it reached her, turned her eyes from the face she was watching so lovingly to his; and then she knelt in the presence of that mysterious messenger now drawing nigh unto me—we had no mother.

Cousin Charles is dead. Long years ago I saw his name honorably mentioned among those who fell, fighting gallantly for country or for glory. It is not for me to judge him. Perhaps there were times in his life when memory stung him bitterly; when he would have given the world, if he had had it to give, to recall those few months which bore such sorrowful fruits. Peace be to him!

SLAVES OF THE RING.

"PRAY tell me," we overheard a country squire style of man of about thirty say to a very excited friend of his, of about twenty years of age, whom he had stopped, as with betting-book in hand he was rushing into the ring at Epsom—"pray tell me from which of those acute-looking gentlemen do you expect to win your money?"

Betting is the favorite form of gambling in modern England; with the help of railroads and telegraphs, it seems to have almost absorbed the other dragons that formerly consumed the fortunes of British youth.

To accommodate the widely-pervading taste, which prevails as fiercely in cotton-worshiping Lancashire and horse-worshiping Yorkshire as among the idlest and fastest society of London, the business instincts of England have created a class of professionals "who do for a living what noblemen and gentlemen are supposed to do for pleasure." Parallel in position and calling to the brokers and jobbers of the Stock Exchange, they bet on commission for those who do not wish to appear; who desire to back or bet against their own horses; or who are ready, at a price, to back or lay the odds against any horse for any race: and thus accommodate the many who, without being gamblers, once or twice in the year take a ticket in the turf lottery by risking a few pounds on a favorite local horse.

Legs—that is Blacklegs—the betting brokers were formerly called; but now, established compact and numerous, that title is voted ungenteel, and they are Turfmen or Commissioners. Among the motley mob of sharks who live by setting their polished wits against the folly and ignorance of young gambling enthusiasts, great fortunes are realized, and these, chiefly, by losing, not by winning horses. Hence familiar in their mouths are such phrases as "a dead 'un," "as good as boiled," and other sentences expressive of the advantage of betting against a horse that can by no possibility win: for "dead" is a metaphorical mode of expressing the condition of an animal sure not to run, or, if running, "made safe not to win." In the old rude times of this profession, a man, one Dawson, was hanged for poisoning a batch of horses at Newmarket, in order to make sure the bets of his employers, some of whom were of considerable "turf" respectability; but the march of knowledge has abolished such rude methods, and it is found that a bucket of water and a little hay administered by a bribed groom-boy at a wrong time, are less penal, and equally effective in "stopping a flyer's gallop."

The great art of modern turf gambling is not to ascertain what horse will win, but what horse is sure, or can be made sure, to lose. A stolid countenance, a comprehensive memory, quick powers of calculation, hawk-like decision, iron nerves, and no scruples, are the chief elements of prosperity in this now thoroughly organized profession. If to these be added an appearance of candor, either under the disguise of blunt frankness or bland politeness, greater success is probable. Legs include men of all ranks: successful pimps and broken country squires. Even a convicted thief, if once introduced into the ring and punctual in his payments, may become in a very few years a great and honored capitalist. Undoubtedly the most successful are those who are unhampered by the impediment of respectable associations, recollections, or education. The keenest graduate of Cambridge has little chance against a calculating boy-groom. And it is among a mob of these hard-headed, India-rubber-hearted gentry that our callow youth, fresh from the school and university, plunge, in the hopeful speculation of making a profit out of horse-racing.

Wonderful are the mnemonics of the veterans of five-and-twenty Derbys or St. Legers, and cunning is the arithmetic which enables them to calculate the odds at a moment's notice a few points in their own favor. Considering the character we have on the Continent for cold-blooded common sense, it is really extraordinary to note how every year from the shop and the factory—from the schools and the universities—from the citizen's snug villa and the peer's mansion—from the parsonage and the dissenting minister's house—from the army and even from the navy—a crowd of young and tender aspirants for turf successes come forth to feed and fatten these gentry. Of course, out of the great annual supply of recruits to the turf, some are endowed with special qualifications for "robbery"—that is the playful term by which the turf-man, in his familiar moments, designates his large hauls, his "great pots"—and thrive, or survive, being by nature's gifts, although young, incipient sharks—snakelings not yet come to their poison teeth, or use of slime, or suffocating power of tail. But the greater number of the juveniles who pit their velvet skins against the tough-hided, crafty Pythons, either perish in the conflict, or retire permanently wounded.

To some, ruin means ten pounds; to others, a hundred; to others, a thousand; to others, ten thousand; of those who can afford to lose and pay, some few return to honest work, others sink to the lowest depths of unsuccessful roguery. A select few acquire strength as they go, after expending the income of a German prince in acquiring experience. The demigod of the passing generation of Turfites is said to have lost a hundred thousand pounds before he was able to turn the tables on his tutors, and, by betting, *through commissioners*, against his own horses, "sell the ring a real bargain."

It is of him the story is told that, having written instructions to one of his traveling financial agents staying in Cottonopolis, to bet for and against certain of his lordship's stud, which were in favor with the public, but not all intended to win, he was alarmed, after a time, at seeing grave alterations in the price current of the betting market. He received no answer from his commissioner, and a special messenger, after instituting searching inquiries, ascertained that the letter, partly misdirected, had never been delivered. But, by some mysterious intuition, the sporting clerks of the post-office happened to have acted in accordance with my lord's instructions.

No doubt there are unblemished gentlemen who, being rich, acute, and calm, play with the turf as they might play at whist, for nominal stakes, and run their horses for pleasure without troubling themselves with the toil of abstruse combinations. To these the turf is a gentle relaxation from more severe pursuits, and a means of killing a little idle time.

There is a story current of a distinguished nobleman who, many years ago, when he was poor and not so famous as he is now, deferred paying his "honest" trainer's bill so long and so ingeniously that the trainer was obliged to let his lordship's filly win a great race, and thus squared the account, leaving a balance for his employer. But only a diplomatist of the first rank is equal to such a feat.

Constant in his attendance at Newmarket is the Earl of Gallowglass. For nearly forty years he has never missed a race-meeting there. Violently rubbing his head, as if his whole fortune depended on the event, he watches the running of his remarkably unlucky colts and fillies, which are found sometimes in front within a few lengths of the winning-post, often second, very rarely first, and thus soliloquizes softly: "Gallowglass wins—Gollowglass wins;" a little louder, "Gallowglass wins!" in a scream, "No he don't!—no he don't!" then, sotto voce, as he walks his hack away in disgust, "Gallowglass is a fool!" This enthusiastic old gentleman has some forty or fifty thousand a year, and spends ten thousand of it every year in breeding, training, and running a most unfortunate stud, considering, apparently like Charles Fox, that, next to the pleasure of winning, losing is the greatest pleasure in life. On the same heath, which was solely dedicated to the serious business of racing, until the innovation of excursion trains brought down a few cockneys, might be seen, not long since, a young nobleman, little past his majority, with ready money in six figures and estates in the counties, moved almost to tears at the loss of a thousand pounds, risked on the private secret information of one of the dear friends who surround such deep-wooled sheep. A thousand pounds to this young gentleman represents something less than five pounds to the earner of five hundred a year.

We have ourselves seen the great Baron Bullion, whose words can make emperors flinch, led away almost hysterical by his humbling toadies when his favorite colt, Contango, ran all behind for that blue ribbon of the turf, the Chalk Down stakes.

In a word, if you would see the proudest and the wealthiest brought down to a level with the meanest and the neediest, watch the aspect of the betting-ring before and after a great race. In the height of the excitement of winning a great race, a duke has been known to accept the congratulations and shake the hands of a burglarious cats'-meat dealer.

The solemn festivals—the "settling" days after great races—at that Methodist-chapel-looking building between Tattersall's sale-yard and the cows' grass-plot, where bank-notes are carried by sheaves, and wafted about like waste paper, bring to a crucial test the one virtue essential for standing on the first line—the grenadiers of the guard of turf men—*payment, prompt payment*. You may be a fraudulent bankrupt, a pickpocket, a forger, free by a flaw in the indictment; you may be guilty of the foulest crimes, or notorious for the basest propensities; but, so long as you pay, you will be admitted freely to the subscription-rooms and the betting-rings. You are sure of the familiar if not friendly companionship of your fellow-professionals, and you may probably find yourself honored with some playful nickname, descriptive of your peculiar rascality. Palmer, who never entered the London betting-mart, had acquired, long before his detection, the sobriquet among his fraternity, implying his propensity for "dosing"—that was the mild word.

Extremes meet on the turf, and part too; the lowest rise and the highest fall; Boots becomes a squire; an earl's son becomes a felon. The old adage that hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue is to be seen worked out in the gradual approach to forms and practices of respectability, to an imitation of the habits of more scrupulous men, in the closing day of the career of a successful turfman, who, secure in his hundred or two hundred thousand pounds, abandons the ways of his youth, and sets himself down to found a family. He buys an estate, or two, or three; he builds a church; he subscribes splendidly to charities; he has the best shooting in the county, and the best people he can get to shoot over it; he is easy with his debtors of good family, and prepared with ready money to lend, on good security; he marries his daughters to clergymen, and provides the husbands with benefices. And thus with quiet manners our blackleg adventurer gets on, until people of the money-worshiping sect begin to say that really Mr. Crossit is a very decent, respectable man. And yet there is scarcely one of these millionaires whose life would bear investigation, whose turning-point of success will not be found to rest on some "famous robbery."

It would be rather curious to see our noblemen, our gentlemen, our squires, our military heroes, the soul of honor and pink of gentility—men proud of their position and their pedigree, parsons, doctors, lawyers—booking bets, bandying jests, and exchanging compliments with an ex-pickpocket, who, after having been ducked in divers horse-ponds and cropped in many jails for petty larcenies, has abandoned a pursuit unworthy of his genius, now has his town-house and country-mansion, and a string of race-horses whose losings pay him quite as well as their winnings. A race-dinner of the present day is a fine sight: the ex-pickpocket's health is proposed by Major Malachi O'Donohue, lineal descendant of the kings of Ireland; and, close beside, might sit hobbing and nobbing, planning future and rejoicing in past robberies, prize-fighting publicans, ex-grooms, ex-shoeblacks, and ex-waiters, all prosperous, luxurious, dressed by the best tailors, jewelers, and bootmakers, all paying, and therefore all jostling on terms of perfect equality, seeking some private information, some secret advantage, all living and struggling in the hope of getting the best of each other. For the essential distinction between trade and gambling is, that in trade both parties may profit, in gambling one must lose.

On the Stock Exchange there is a legitimate business to be done—there are tangible securities to transfer, which afford a legitimate science to men of high character and honor. On the turf, a small army, whose natural talents for roguery have been sharpened by long experience, thrive on folly. Every year produces its crop of recruits, and of victims, the greater number obscure. But every now and then a great light breaks in. Four or five years ago, the handsomest, the haughtiest, the boldest member of the turf was a man of noble family, of literary and social accomplishments above the average, to whom, by ability as well as by position, high office was open. As to his means, who limits the means of a great peer's son? It was known that he betted largely, borrowed largely, and paid punctually. At length the bubble burst; the great gentleman who, unlike many of his class, never permitted the slightest familiarity on the part of his low-born associates, disappeared. There was a groan of distress from Hebrews calling for some sixty thousand pounds; Christian bill-discounters claimed a like sum; a wealthy racing peer, who did not say a word, could have claimed twenty thousand pounds. Another peer, who had been, before he took to the turf trade, one of the wealthiest of his class, found the result of joint racing speculations in a loss of a hundred thousand pounds; by degrees rumor grew into certainty, confirmed by the verdict of a court of law. It then appeared that this great, haughty, historically-named gentleman had forged on all his friends in every shape; in checks, for which at the last moment he obtained cash; in acceptances, by which, with a real income of less than a thousand a year, he had for many years paid thirty thousand a year in interest at sixty per cent. This is one great example of turf education; but innumerable smaller instances occur; Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, supply their full quota to the general ruin. Every year, instances of larceny, instances of forgery. As for forgery, it is so common a sequence of unsuccessful turf speculation, that the young gentleman who takes to the betting-ring as an easy and genteel mode of increasing his income, may make pretty sure of shaking hands with a gentleman who has forged, or is about to forge. It is an old rule with the sixty per cent. discounter, that from a man of respectable connections a forged acceptance is a better security than a genuine bill.

THE HAMMERS.

In our travels through the town—
Where the forges' flames are blown
By the humming fan that rattles in its drum,
Where the sledging falls on wedges
Of the metal that it swages
To the shapes of all the labor-saving hum—

We have watched the falling hammer,
In its clanging, banging clamor,
As it rolled the measured thunder with a ring—
And the ringing, ringing, ringing,
Always sets our head to singing,
Something like the song the hammers seem to sing.

Like the ringing of the bells,
When the wedding chiming swells
Through the merry marriage morning, to the pair;
So the clang, and bang, and rattle
Of the hammers in the battle,
Fall, like music, on the dull and quiet air.

"In the battle?" Ay, the battle!
For it is no idle prattle
That we sing. 'Tis the battle against Want
With his ogres grim and gaunt,
And his suppers few and scant—
'Tis the battle of the can 'gainst the can't!

AFTER AN OSTRICH.

In lion-hunts, and in tiger-hunts, and in boar-hunts there are joys and risks of which all men have heard; but of the ostrich-hunt the world, that is not used to running after ostriches, has heard very little. Little more, indeed, than some broken-down story about negroes who, being dressed in the skins of the birds, are mistaken by the flock for actual ostriches, and are suffered to come near enough to shoot any bird they may pick out with their arrows. There is also a pretty fable (which is only a fable), that the ostrich, when pursued, will hide his head in the sand and believe himself invisible. I know the ostrich has a stupid face; but he is, for all that, a sharp fellow, who knows his own interest as well as the rest of us. He is wary and long-sighted, one of the last creatures to put his own head in a hole. I have hunted him in his own deserts and can testify.

Every year, as summer sets in, horsemen arrive at the oasis of Derej from the mountains in the north, distant about six days' journey. They come after the ostrich, and stay only during the summer, as it is only when the heat is greatest that a horseman can have any chance of overtaking the swift-footed bird. In cold weather he will outstrip every pursuer, but beneath the rays of a noon sun in the African summer I suppose he finds his feather coat and trowsers too warm to run well in.

An Arab friend of mine, with the short name of Sidi Mohammed ben Omar ben es-Sheikh Abderrahman Burjoob el-Rujbani, who was bound for the hunting-ground, persuaded me to go with him and try my skill at running down an ostrich. My friend Sidi Etcetera has a grand air, and lost no dignity, although his trip to Derej was made for the sake of gain. I, who went only for sport, was looked upon with much respectful wonder by my fellow-sportsmen.

We managed to reach Derej a day or two before the hunt, that we might rest and prepare for our fatigues to come. The hunt began on a sultry morning in the middle of July. The hot Gibli wind or simoom had been blowing for several days, and the thermometer had only fallen to ninety-eight degrees, or blood-heat, just before sunrise. We were to have one of the hottest days of a Saharan summer. So much the better. The warm-coated ostriches shall find it hot, and so shall we. The dangers of this chase do not arise from the fierceness of the animal pursued, but from the fierceness of the sun that may strike down the huntsman. An Englishman is much more likely to come off unscathed from an encounter with a lion than to return from an ostrich-hunt without getting sun-stroke or brain fever.

Our party consisted of ten horsemen and a few scouts who had been sent out at daybreak to explore the sand for footprints of ostriches and track them to their feeding-ground. We were fairly mounted upon animals not so fat as to conceal the beautiful lines of their ribs. The bones of their haunches seemed ready to start out through the skin. These features, however, are common enough in Arab thorough-breds. We ourselves were as light weights as we could be, having dispensed with four out of five thick pieces of felt which invariably form an Arab's saddle-cloth, and thrown off every superfluous article of clothing; only taking care to have our heads well wrapped up as precaution against danger from the sun.

We started about two hours after sunrise, and followed leisurely on the trace of our scouts. After proceeding thus for about six miles, we came upon a scout who said that five fine birds were a little way off grazing in a wady. Knowing that they would not stray far we dismounted to give ease for a few minutes to our horses and ourselves, and to allow our time to run still farther into the "kaila," or mid-day heat. A sultry feverish wind blew from the south, and the sun's glow was returned from the white sand under our feet with almost unlessened strength. What a drying-ground was here for washer-women! Wet clothes, dry in three minutes, might be taken in as fast as they were taken out.

The Arabs, who are made of very porous clay, absorbed long draughts of water, and hung little gourd bottles of water to their saddle-bows. We mounted again and set off. From the top of a little hill, if you could call by that name a height of about ten yards above the bottom of the wady, we saw the ostriches; I suspect they had some knowledge of us before we were visible. They had already started at full trot; and seemed to skim along without any exertion, flapping their small downy wings to help them onward, and, like horses in full career, kicking up stones behind them. We went after them at a canter: had we tried at once to catch them in a gallop, our horses would soon have been blown, and the birds would have got out of reach. Our plan was to follow them as closely as might be, without frightening them into their quickest pace, and to keep them in view.

The birds soon parted from one another: two going together one way, and the others starting off each in a different direction. We followed a single ostrich, a fine male, the feathers of the male being most valuable.

Noon passed, and the sun was rapidly declining. We had been following our ostrich for more than four hours, but not in a straight line, since these creatures have a whim for running in large circles, so that we were not four hours' journey from our starting-point. I had no very great sense of heat, but my hands and face began to feel as if they had been skinned and salted. The excitement and emulation among us made me, however, forget every thing but the object of our chase. One by one the horses of the Arabs dropped behind, dead-beat. Sidi Etcetera, two of the Arabs, and myself, being the best mounted, alone kept up the hunt. Our aim was to turn the ostrich, and so drive him back to our companions. The two Arabs pricked their steeds into a full gallop, one to the right and one to the left, and tried, by making a circuit, to get ahead of him. Sidi did not like the idea of being outdone by the other Arabs, so he made a dash at the game on his own account. His horse had a little spirit left, and a few long bounds brought him alongside. The bird saw that he was outrun and outwitted. With a little stick, such as we all carried for this especial purpose, Sidi tapped him on the neck, turned him, and drove him back to me like a tame creature. Our two companions now rejoined us, crying out, "Sahait! sahait! Allah yatick es-saha!" which means, "Well done! well done! God gives you strength!"—Arab equivalent for "Hurrah! hurrah! go it again, old boy!"

The ostrich was, of course, a Mussulman, and was convinced that it was in vain to strive against his fate. One by one we came up with our beaten companions; and we then surrounded our bird, caught him, and cut his throat, with the pious words, "Bism-Illah Akhbar" (in the name of the great God). It would have been simpler to tap him on the head and strangle him, for then there would have been no fear of damaging the feathers with the blood. But such a death is not in accordance with the Moslem creed concerning holy and unholy food; and of an animal so slaughtered the flesh could not have been eaten.

Ladies, I trust, are satisfied with the amount of trouble taken to get for them their court plumes. But it is a pity that each feather which costs them a guinea scarcely brings a shilling to the Arab sportsman.

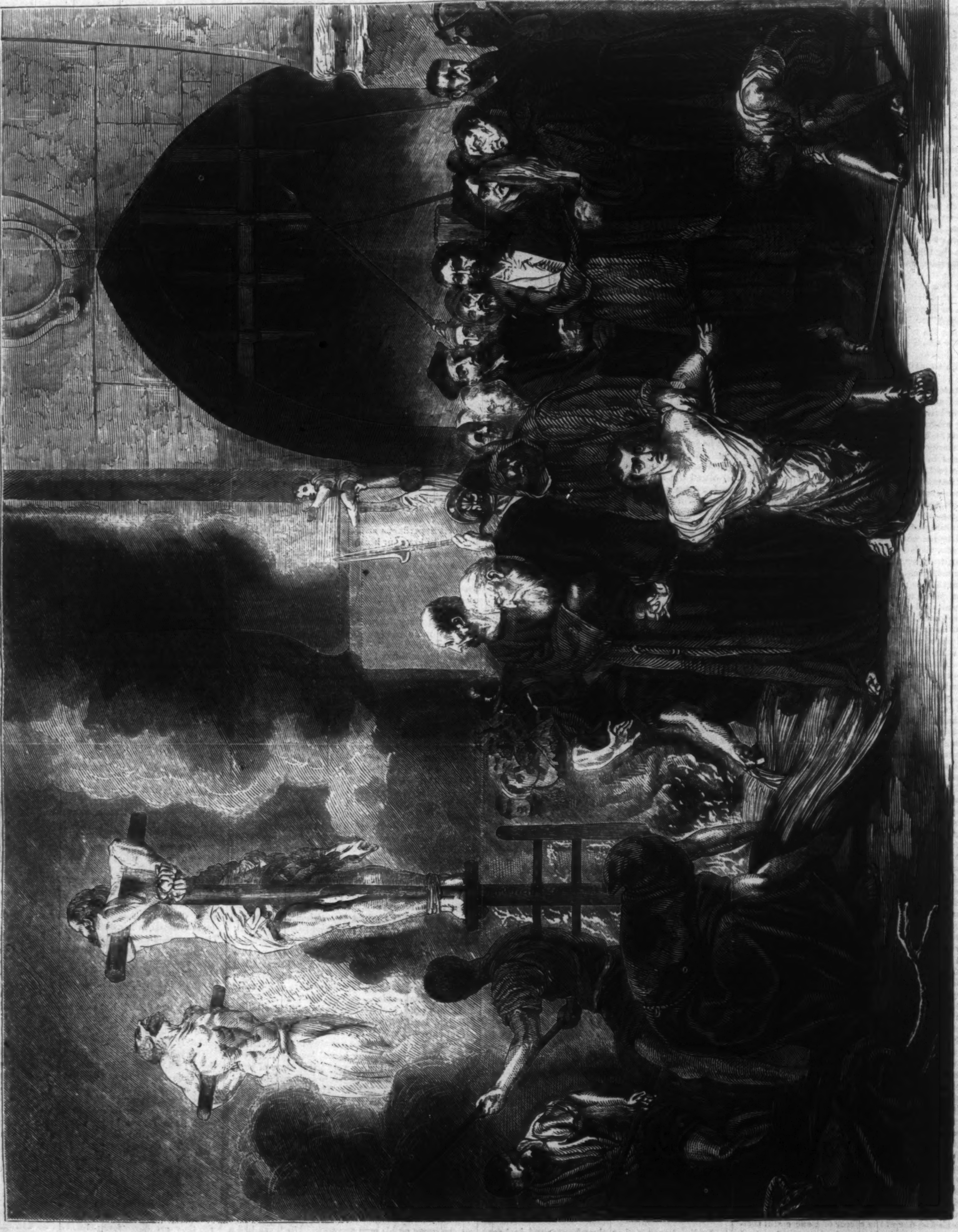
When we had skinned our bird, and cut off the best joints, we rode leisurely back to Derej, which we reached a little after sunset, pretty well knocked up. Heartily glad was I, after a good supper of broiled leg of ostrich—which is a meat, not choice, but welcome to the hungry—to lie on the soft sand and take a nap that lasted until sunrise the next morning.

I passed the following day with my fellow-sportsmen, and learned much about the habits of the ostrich, and the various ways of taking it. Running it down in the manner just related is considered the best way, though the most tedious, for it involves least chance of injuring the feathers. The commonest plan, however, is to lay snares of rope in places which the birds frequent. Another way is to dig a hole in the earth near a bush, or some slight cover, in a valley to which the ostriches come to graze. One of the hunters, armed with his long gun, hides in the hole, and his companions, having strewed brushwood over him, efface their footmarks from the sand. The pitman remains, with only the muzzle of the gun visible outside his hiding-place, until an ostrich passes: when, if the bird be near enough, he is an easy prey.

Ostriches pair about the beginning of March, and the female begins laying her eggs toward the end of April. She generally puts a score or two dozen in her nest, which is but a shallow basin scraped out of the sand. She arranges the eggs in a triangle, with the point in front of her when she is sitting. Two or three of them, therefore, do not get sufficiently warmed by her body, and these unhatched eggs she breaks to provide food for the young birds during the first few days after they have left their shells. The young birds, hatched in six weeks, take three years to attain their full size; they appear to live much with their parents, and even make their nests near theirs. Thus, sometimes there will be found the nests of a whole family together—grandfather and grandmother in the middle, and the younger generations round about. Does the patriarch in the middle receive from the young ostriches upon the outskirts of such a colony the reverence to which he may suppose himself entitled? In the first year of her breeding the female lays smaller eggs than afterward; but the birds hatched from them grow to the usual size. Cock and hen sit on the eggs alternately: one sitting while the other goes for food; never, in the Sahara, do they leave their eggs to be hatched by the sun.

The male is very attentive when he begins his courtship, and follows the lady about wherever she goes. After marriage, however, his conduct undergoes a change. If, while sitting, he smells danger, he immediately leaves the eggs, fetches his wife, and makes her take his place. He then watches at a distance; and if, after a long delay, he satisfies himself that all is safe, he allows his mate to return to her meal, and resumes his place over the eggs. The Arabs, when they find a nest near any convenient bush, or other shelter, make a pit, as before described. The birds, on their approach, take flight. The men, having worked as fast as possible, leave one of their number with his gun in the pit, and disappear. When the birds come again to reconnoitre the ground, if they think matters satisfactory, the hen is sent to sit, and she often remains sitting for twelve hours. The sportsman does not shoot her, as his aim is to bring down the male. He waits, therefore, till she is relieved in her duties by the bird he wants. The best shot among the Arabs is always chosen for pitman. When he kills the bird, he receives double share of the profits; when he misses the bird, he must pay a fine and lose his office. After the male is killed, the female will frequently come to look for him, and to visit the eggs, when she also may be taken. But were the female bird shot first, the male would never trouble himself any more about the eggs, but would go from the spot, probably forever.

Ostriches are not particular in the selection of their food. They live generally on grass, seeds, and even insects; but they have, when domesticated, a great partiality for half-pence, steel-pens, nails, keys, spoons, snuff-boxes, and so forth. Whether they can digest these tid-bits I do not know; but I have heard many tales of ostriches being found with such things half-digested in their stomachs. Certainly they swallow them with great avidity, and must find it in some way to their advantage so to do. They are a sort of bird easily tamed, and, when once used to the society of men, are very sociable, wandering about the neighborhood of their owner's house, and paying visits wherever they find an open door. When annoyed, they are dangerous; for, besides biting, they will knock a man down with a flap of the wing or a stroke of the foot. They are generally sedate, silent birds, and, if not frightened, walk about slowly and solemnly. Their cry is a short roar; but with this they seldom favor human ears, though when out of temper they will sometimes utter a low hissing noise. The upper part of the neck of the ostrich is bare; then come very delicate black feathers, which, increasing in size toward the tail, cover the whole body. In the wings and tail are the beautiful white feathers so much admired upon the heads of ladies. The female has not such fine white feathers as the male, and even her black feathers want his raven hue. Indeed, the greater part are rather grayish-brown than black. The skin of the female (Rabda it is called by the Arabs) does not fetch nearly so high a price as that of the male (Dhaleem). One of the best skins, in its nuptial plumage, will sometimes bring the Arabs seven or eight pounds But this is an unusally high price.



ROBERT FLEURY'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE BURNING OF HERETICS BY THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AT AN AUTO DA FE.

AN AUTO DA FE.

We publish above an engraving of Mr. Robert Fleury's magnificent painting of an Auto da Fé, which has lately placed its author in the first rank of modern painters. Never has that terrible theme been more vividly wrought out. The contrast between the terror expressed in the countenance of the poor girl, who is evidently loth to part with her life, and the stern calm of the old Jew who is to suffer with her; the brutal ferocity of the priests and their assistants; the powerful drawing of the two victims who are already on the stake; the life and motion of the whole picture are calculated to arrest and rivet the attention, and to leave an image on the memory that will not readily be effaced.

Of the history of *Auto da Fés* all of our readers have heard something. The word signifies an act of Faith, and was first used by the Inquisition when the officers of that body compelled heretics to abjure their heresies and to perform an *act of Faith* in presence of tortures and the stake. As many of the Jews and Christians who were seized by the Inquisition remained steadfast in their belief even under menaces of the most cruel of deaths, the word came to signify the punishment which was inflicted by the Inquisition in consequence of the refusal to perform an *act of Faith.*

It is supposed that many thousands of persons fell victims to the Inquisition during its long and bloody reign in Spain. Every few weeks the stakes were surrounded by a gaping crowd, and some poor heretic was burned alive amidst the curses and shouts of the mob. It came to be a popular spectacle, and must have gone far toward brutalizing the public mind of the day. Perhaps the most curious fact in connection with the Inquisition is the recent discovery by a Protestant Englishman that the most famous and most bloodthirsty of the grand Inquisitors of Spain was, in reality, a man of gentle, humane temper, who was guilty of burning scores of human creatures solely because he was taught that it was his duty, and who suffered in heart for his victims as acutely as the warmest of their friends.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"Young lady in deep mourning, Sir—crape shawl and bonnet, Sir," said the official, in answer to my question, aided by a shilling fee; "the same as asked where was the station for the Dover line."

"Yes, yes; that must be she."

"Got into a cab, Sir, and drove off straight for the Sou'-Eastern."

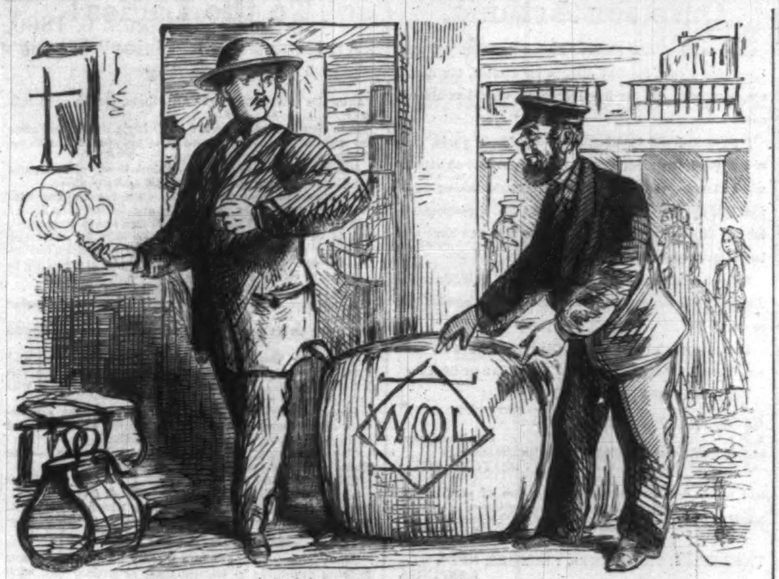
"She was quite alone?"

"Quite, Sir; but she seems used to traveling—got her traps together in no time, and was off in a jiffy."

"Stupid dog!" thought I; "with every advantage position and accident can confer, how little this fellow reads of character. In this poor, forlorn, heart-weary orphan, he only sees something like a commercial traveler."

"Any luggage, Sir? Is this yours?" said he, pointing to a wool-sack.

"No," said I, haughtily; "my servants have gone forward with my luggage. I have nothing but a knapsack." And with an air of dignity I flung it into a Hansom, and ordered the driver to set me down at the South-Eastern. Although using every exertion, the train had just started when I arrived, and a second time was



"ANY LUGGAGE, SIR? IS THIS YOURS?" SAID HE, POINTING TO A WOOL-SACK.

I obliged to wait some hours at a station. Resolving to free myself from all the captivations of that tendency to day-dreaming—that fatal habit of suffering my fancy to direct my steps, as though in pursuit of some settled purpose—I calmly asked myself whither I was going—and for what? Before I had begun the examination I deemed myself a most candid, truth-observing, frank witness, and now I discovered that I was casuistical and "dodgy" as an Old Bailey lawyer. I was haughty and indignant at being so catechised. My conscience, on the shallow pretext of being greatly interested about me, was simply prying and inquisitive. Conscience is all very well when one desires to appeal to it, and refer some distinct motive or action to its appreciation; but it is scarcely fair, and certainly not dignified, for conscience to go about seeking for little accusations of this kind or that. What liberty of action is there, besides, to a man who carries a "detective" with him wherever he goes? And, lastly, conscience has the intolerable habit of obtruding its opinion upon details, and will not wait to judge by results. Now, when I have won the race, come in first, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of thousands, I don't care to be asked, however privately, whether I did not practice some little bit of rather unfair jockeyship. I never could rightly get over my dislike to the friend who would take this liberty with me; and this is exactly the part conscience plays, and with an insufferable air of superiority too, as though to say, "None of your shuffling with *me*, Potts! That will do all mighty well with the outer world, but *I* am not to be humbugged. You never devised a scheme in your life that I was not by at the cookery, and saw how you mixed the ingredients and stirred the pot! No, no, old fellow, all your little secret rogueries will avail you nothing here!"

Had these words been actually addressed to me by a living individual, I could not have heard them more plainly than now they fell upon my ear, uttered, besides, in a tone of cutting, sarcastic derision. "I will stand this no longer!" cried I, springing up from my seat, and flinging my cigar angrily away. "I'm certain no man ever accomplished any high and great destiny in life who suffered himself to be bullied in this wise; such irritating, pestering impertinence would destroy the temper of a saint, and break down the courage and damp the ardor of the boldest. Could great measures of statecraft be carried out—could battles be won—could new continents be discovered—if, at every strait and every emergency, one was to be interrupted by a low voice, whispering, 'Is this *all* right? Are there no flaws here? You live in a world of frailties, Potts. You are playing at a round game, where every one cheats a little, and where the rogueries are never remembered against him who wins. Bear that in your mind, and keep your cards "up."' "

When I was about to take my ticket, a dictum of the great moralist struck my mind: "Desultory reading has slain its thousands and tens of thousands;" and if desultory reading, why not infinitely more so desultory acquaintance? Surely our readings do not impress us as powerfully as the actual intercourse of life. It must be so. It is in this daily conflict with our fellow-men that we are moulded and fashioned, and the danger is to commingle and confuse the impressions made upon our hearts—to cross the writing on our natures so often that nothing remains legible! "I will guard against this peril," thought I. "I will concentrate my intentions and travel alone." I slipped a crown into one of the guards' hands and whispered, "Put no one in here if you can help it."

As I jogged along, all by myself, I could not help feeling that one of the highest privileges of wealth must be to be able always to buy solitude—to be in a position to say, "None shall invade me. The world must contrive to go round without a kick from *me*. I am a self-contained and self-suffering creature." If I were Rothschild I'd revel in this sentiment; it places one so immeasurably above that busy ant-hill where one sees the creatures hurrying, hastening, and fagging "till their hearts are broken." One feels himself a superior intelligence—a being above the wants and cares of the work-a-day world around him.

"Any room here?" cried a merry voice, breaking in upon my musings, and at the same instant a young fellow, in a gray traveling suit and a wide-awake, flung a dressing-bag and a wrapper carelessly into the carriage, and so recklessly as to come tumbling over me. He never thought of apology, however, but continued his remarks to the guard, who was evidently endeavoring to induce him to take a place elsewhere. "No, no!" cried the young man; "I'm all right here, and the cove with the yellow hair won't object to my smoking."

I heard these words as I sat in the corner, and I need scarcely say how grossly the impertinence offended me. That the privacy I had paid for should be invaded was bad enough, but that my companion should begin acquaintance with an insult was worse again, and so I determined on no account, nor upon any pretext, would I hold intercourse with him, but maintain a perfect silence and reserve so long as our journey lasted.

There was an insufferable jauntiness and self-satisfaction in every movement of the new arrival, even to the reckless way he pitched into the carriage three small white canvas bags, carefully sealed and docketed, the address—which I read—being, "To H. M.'s Minister and Envoy at ——, in Italy, by the Hon. Grey Buller, Attaché," etc. So, then, this was one of the Young Guard of Diplomacy, one of those sucking Talleyrands, which form the hope of the Foreign-Office and the terror of middle-class English abroad.

"Do you mind my smoking?" asked he, abruptly, as he scraped his lucifer-match against the roof of the carriage, showing by the promptitude of his actions how little he cared for my reply.

"I never smoke, Sir, except in the carriages reserved for smokers," was my rebukeful answer.

"And I always do," said he, in a very easy tone.

Not condescending to notice this rude rejoinder, I drew forth my newspaper, and tried to occupy myself with its contents.

"Any thing new?" asked he, abruptly.

"Not that I am aware, Sir. I was about to consult the paper."

"What paper is it?"

"It is the *Banner*, Sir, at your service," said I, with a sort of sarcasm.

"Rascally print—a vile, low, radical, mill-owning organ. Pitch it away!"

"Certainly not, Sir. Being for me and my edification, I will beg to exercise my own judgment as to how I deal with it."

"It's deuced low, that's what it is, and that's exactly the fault of all our daily papers. Their tone is vulgar; they reflect nothing of the opinions one hears in society. Don't you agree with me?"

I gave a sort of muttering dissent, and he broke in quickly,

"Perhaps not; it's just as likely *you* would not think them low; but take *my* word for it, *I'm* right."

I shook my head negatively, without speaking.

"Well, now," cried he, "let us put the thing to the test. Read out one of those leaders. I don't care which, or on what subject. Read it out, and I pledge myself to show you at least one vulgarism, one flagrant outrage on good breeding, in every third sentence."

"I protest, Sir," said I, haughtily, "I shall do no such thing. I have come here neither to read aloud nor take up the defense of the public press."

"I say, look out!" cried he; "you'll smash something in that bag you're kicking there. If I don't mistake, it's Bohemian glass. No, no; all right," said he, examining the number, "it's only Yarmouth bloaters."

"I imagined these contained dispatches, Sir," said I, with a look of what he ought to have understood as withering scorn.

"You did, did you?" cried he, with a quick laugh. "Well, I'll bet you a sovereign I make a better guess about *your* pack than you've done about *mine*."

"Done, Sir; I take you," said I, quickly.

"Well, you're in cutlery, or hardware, or lace goods, or ribbons, or alpaca cloth, or drugs, ain't you?"

"I am not, Sir," was my stern reply.

"Not a bagman?"

"Not a bagman, Sir."

"Well, you're an usher in a commercial academy, or 'our own correspondent,' or a telegraph clerk?"

"I'm none of these, Sir. And I now beg to remind you, that instead of one guess, you have made about a dozen."

"Well, you've won, there's no denying it," said he, taking a sovereign from his waistcoat pocket, and handing it to me. "It's deuced odd how I should be mistaken. I'd have sworn you were a bagman!" But for the impertinence of these last words I should have declined to accept his lost bet; but I took it now as a sort of vindication of my wounded feelings. "Now it's all over and ended," said he, calmly, "what are you? I don't ask out of any impertinent curiosity, but that I hate being foiled in a thing of this kind. What are you?"

"I'll tell you what I am, Sir," said I, indignantly, for now I was outraged beyond endurance—"I'll tell you, Sir, what I am, and what I feel myself—one singularly unlucky in a traveling companion."

"Bet you a five-pound you're not," broke he in. "Give you six to five on it, in any thing you like."

"It would be a wager almost impossible to decide, Sir."

"Nothing of the kind. Let us leave it to the first pretty woman we see at the station, the guard of the train, the fellow in the pay-office, the stoker, if you like."

"I must own, Sir, that you express a very confident opinion of your case."

"Well, bet."

"No, Sir, certainly not."

"Well, then, shut up, and say no more about it. If a man won't back his opinion, the less he speaks the better."

I lay back in my place at this, determined that no provocation should induce me to exchange another word with him. Apparently he had not made a like resolve, for he went on: "It's all bosh about appearances being deceptive, and so forth. They say 'not all gold that glitters;' my notion is, that with a fellow who really knows life no disguise that was ever invented will be successful: the way a man wears his hair"—here he looked at mine—"the sort of gloves he has, if there be any thing peculiar in his waistcoat, and, above all, his boots. I don't believe the devil was ever more revealed in his hoof than a snob by his shoes." A most condemnatory glance at my extremities accompanied this speech.

"Must I endure this sort of persecution all the way to Dover?" was the question I asked of my misery.

"Look out, you're on fire!" said he, with a dry laugh. And, sure enough, a spark from his cigarette had fallen on my trowsers, and burned a round hole in them.

"Really, Sir," cried I, in passionate warmth, "your conduct becomes intolerable."

"Well, if I knew you preferred being singed, I'd have said nothing about it. What's this station here? Where's your Bradshaw?"

"I have got no Bradshaw, Sir," said I, with dignity."

"No Bradshaw! A bagman without Bradshaw! Oh, I forgot, you ain't a bagman. Why are we stopping here? something smashed, I suspect, eh? Eh! what! isn't that she? Yes, it is! Open the door!—let me out, I say! Confound the lock!—let me out!" While he uttered these words, in an accent of the wildest impatience, I had but time to see a lady, in deep mourning, pass on to a carriage in front, just as, with a preliminary snort, the train shook, then backed, and at last set out on its thundering course again. "Such a stunning fine girl!" said he, as he lighted a fresh cigar; "saw her just as we started, and thought I'd run her to earth in this carriage. Precious mistake I made, eh, wasn't it? All in black—deep black—and quite alone!"

I had to turn toward the window, not to let him perceive how his words agitated me, for I felt certain it was Miss Herbert he was describing, and I felt a sort of revulsion to think of the poor girl being subjected to the impertinence of this intolerable puppy.

"Too much style about her for a governess; and yet, somehow, she wasn't, so to say—you know what I mean—she wasn't altogether *that;* looked frightened, and people of real class never look frightened."

"The daughter of a clergyman, probably," said I, with a tone of such reproof as I hoped must check all levity.

"Or a flash maid! some of them, nowadays, are wonderful swells; they've got an art of dressing and making-up that is really surprising."

"I have no experience of the order, Sir," said I, gravely.

"Well, so I should say. *Your* beat is in the haberdashery or hosiery line, eh?"

"Has it not yet occurred to you, Sir," asked I, sternly, "that an acquaintanceship brief as ours should exclude personalities, not to say—not to say—" I wanted to add "impertinences," but his gray eyes were turned full on me with an expression so peculiar, that I faltered, and could not get the word out.

"Well, go on—out with it: not to say what?" said he, calmly.

I turned my shoulder toward him, and nestled down into my place.

"There's a thing, now," said he, in a tone of the coolest reflection—"there's a thing, now, that I never could understand, and I have never met the man to explain it. Our nation, as a nation, is just as plucky as the French—no one disputes it; and yet, take a Frenchman of *your* class—the commis-voyageur, or any thing that way—and you'll just find him as prompt on the point of honor as the best noble in the land. He never utters an insolent speech without being ready to back it."

I felt as if I were choking, but I never uttered a word.

"I remember meeting one of those fellows—traveler for some house in the wine trade—at Avignon. It was at table d'hôte, and I said something slighting about Communism, and he replied, 'Monsieur, je suis Fouriériste, and you insult me.' Thereupon he sent me his card by the waiter—'Paul Deloge, for the house of Gougon, père et fils.' I tore it, and threw it away, saying, 'I never drink Bordeaux wines.' 'What do you say to a glass of Hermitage, then?' said he, and flung the contents of his own in my face. Wasn't that very ready? *I* call it as neat a thing as could be."

"And you bore that outrage," said I, in triumphant delight; "you submitted to a flagrant insult like that at a public table?"

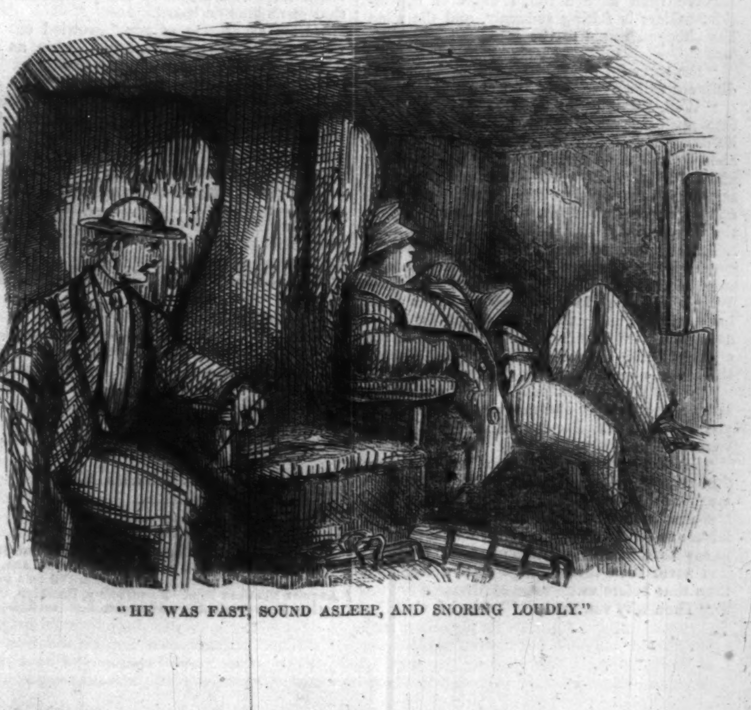
"I don't know what you call 'bearing it,' said he; "the thing was done, and I had only to wipe my face with my napkin."

"No more than that?" said I, sneeringly.

"We went out afterward, if you mean that," said he, quietly, "and he ran me through here." As he spoke, he proceeded, in leisurely fashion, to unbutton the wrist of his shirt, and baring his arm mid-way, showed me a pinkish cicatrix of considerable extent. "It went, the doctor said, within a hair's-breadth of the artery."

I made no comment upon this story. From the moment I heard it I felt as though I was traveling with the late Mr. Palmer, of Rugely. I was, as it were, in the company of one who never would have scrupled to dispose of me, at any moment and in any way that his fancy suggested. My code respecting the Duel was to regard it as the last, the very last, appeal in the direst emergency of dishonor. The men who regarded it as the settlement of slight differences I deemed assassins. They were no more safe associates for peaceful citizens than a wolf was a meet companion for a flock of South Downs. The more I ruminated on this theme the more indignant grew my resentment, and the question assumed the shape of asking, "Is the great mass of mankind to be hectored and bullied by some half-dozen scoundrels with skill at the small sword?" Little knew I that in the ardor of my indignation I had uttered these words aloud, spoken them with an earnest vehemence, looking my fellow-traveler full in the face, and frowning.

"Scoundrel is strong, eh?" said he, slowly; "*very* strong!"



"HE WAS FAST, SOUND ASLEEP, AND SNORING LOUDLY."

"Who spoke of a scoundrel?" asked I, in terror, for his confounded calm, cold manner made my very blood run chilled.

"Scoundrel is exactly the sort of word," added he, deliberately, "that once uttered can only be expiated in one way. You do not give me the impression of a very bright individual, but certainly you can understand so much."

I bowed a dignified assent; my heart was in my mouth as I did it, and I could not, to save my life, have uttered a word. My predicament was highly perilous; and all incurred by what? —that passion for adventure that had led me forth out of a position of easy obscurity into a world of strife, conflict, and difficulty. Why had I not staid at home? What foolish infatuation had ever suggested me the Quixotism of these wanderings? Blondel had done it all. Were it not for Blondel I had never met Father Dyke, talked myself into a stupid wager, lost what was not my own; in fact, every disaster sprang out of the one before it, just as twig adheres to branch and branch to trunk. Shall I make a clean breast of it, and tell my companion my whole story? Shall I explain to him that at heart I am a creature of the kindliest impulses and most generous sympathies; that I overflow with good intentions toward my fellows; and that the problem I am engaged to solve is, how shall I dispense most happiness? Will he comprehend me? Has he a nature to appreciate an organization so fine and subtle as mine? Will he understand that the fairy who endows us with our gifts at birth is reckoned to be munificent when she withholds only one high quality, and with me that one was courage? I mean the coarse, vulgar, combative sort of courage that makes men prize-fighters and bargees; for as to the grander species of courage, I imagine it to be my distinguishing feature.

The question is, will he give me a patient hearing, for my theory requires nice handling, and some delicacy in the developing. He may cut me short in his bluff, abrupt way, and say, "Out with it, old fellow! you want to sneak out of this quarrel." What am I to reply? I shall rejoin: "Sir, let us first inquire if it be a quarrel. From the time of Atrides down to the Crimean war there has not been one instance of a conflict that did not originate in misconceptions, and has not been prolonged by delusions! Let us take the Peloponnesian war." A short grunt beside me here cut short my argumentation. He was fast, sound asleep, and snoring loudly. My thoughts at once suggested escape. Could I but get away I fancied I could find space in the world never again to see myself his neighbor.

The train was whirling along between deep chalk cuttings, and at a furious pace; to leap out was certain death. But was not the same fate reserved for me if I remained? At last I heard the crank — crank of the break! We were nearing a station; the earth walls at either side receded; the view opened; a spire of a church, trees, houses appeared; and our speed diminishing, we came bumping, throbbing, and snorting into a little trim, garden-like spot, that at the moment seemed to me a paradise.

I beckoned to the guard to let me out—to do it noiselessly, I slipped a shilling into his hand. I grasped my knapsack and my wrapper, and stole furtively away. Oh, the happiness of that moment, as the door closed without awakening him!

"Any where—any carriage—what class you please," muttered I. "There, yonder," broke I in, hastily, "where that lady in mourning has just got in."

"All full there, Sir," replied the man; "step in here." And away we went.

My compartment contained but one passenger; he wore a gold band round his oil-skin cap, and seemed the captain of a mail steamer, or Admiralty agent. He merely glanced at me as I came in, and went on reading his newspaper.

"Going north, I suppose?" said he, bluntly, after a pause of some time. "Going to Berlin?"

"No," said I, rather astonished at his giving me this destination. "I'm for Brussels."

"We shall have a rough night of it, outside. Glass is falling suddenly, and the wind has chopped round to the south'ard and east'ard!"

"I'm sorry for it," said I. "I'm but an indifferent sailor."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do: just turn into my cabin—you'll have it all to yourself; lie down flat on your back the moment you get aboard; tell the steward to give you a strong glass of brandy-and-water—the captain's brandy say, for it is rare old stuff, and a perfect cordial, and my name ain't Hidders if you don't sleep all the way across."

I really had no words for such unexpected generosity. How was I to believe my ears at such a kind proposal of a perfect stranger? Was it any thing in my appearance that could have marked me out as an object for these attentions? "I don't know how to thank you enough," said I, in confusion; "and when I think that we meet now for the first time—"

"What does that signify?" said he, in the same short way. "I've met pretty nigh all of you by this time. I've been a matter of eleven years on this station!"

"Met pretty nigh all of us!" What does that mean? Who and what are we? He can't mean the Pottses, for I'm the first who ever traveled even thus far! But I was not given leisure to follow up the inquiry, for he went on to say how, in all that time of eleven years, he had never seen threatenings of a worse night than that before us.

"Then why venture out?" asked I, timidly.

"They must have the bags over there—that's the reason," said he, curtly. "Besides, who's to say when he won't meet dirty weather at sea? One takes rough and smooth in this life, eh?"

The observation was not remarkable for originality, but I liked it. I like the reflective turn, no matter how beaten the path it may select for its exercise.

"It's a short trip—some five or six hours, at most," said he; "but it's wonderful what ugly weather one sees in it. It's always so in these narrow seas."

"Yes," said I, concurringly, "these petty channels, like the small events of our life, are often the sources of our greatest perils."

He gave a little short grunt; it might have been assent, and it might possibly have been a rough protest against further moralizing: at all events, he resumed his paper and read away without speaking. I had time to examine him well now, at my leisure, and there was nothing in his face that could give me any clew to the generous nature of his offer to me. No, he was a hard-featured, weather-beaten, rather stern sort of man, verging on fifty-seven or eight. He looked neither impulsive nor confiding, and there was in the shape of his mouth and the curve of the lines around it that peremptory and almost cruel decision that marks the sea-captain. "Well," thought I, "I must seek the explanation of the riddle elsewhere. The secret sympathy that moved him must have its root in *me;* and, after all, history has never told that the dolphins who were charmed by Orpheus were peculiar dolphins, with any special fondness for music, or an ear for melody; they were ordinary creatures of the deep—fish, so to say, taken 'ex-medio acervi' of dolphinity. The marvel of their captivation lay in the spell of the enchanter. It was the thrilling touch of his fingers, the tasteful elegance of his style, the voluptuous enthrallment of the sounds he awakened that worked the miracle. This man of the sea has, therefore, been struck by something in my air, bearing, or address; one of those mysterious sympathies which are the hidden motives that guide half our lives has drawn him to me, and he has said to himself, 'I like that man. I have met more pretentious people: I have seen persons who desire to dominate and impose more than he; but there is that about him that, somehow, appeals to the instincts of my nature, and I can say I feel myself his friend already.'"

As I worked at my little theory, with all the ingenuity I knew how to employ on such occasions, I perceived that he had put up his newspaper, and was gathering together, in old traveler fashion, the odds and ends of his baggage.

"Here we are," said he, as we glided into the station, "and in capital time, too. Don't trouble yourself about your traps. My steward will be here presently, and take all your things down to the packet along with my own. Our steam is up, so lose no time in getting aboard."

I had never less inclination to play the loiterer. The odious attaché was still in my neighborhood, and until I had got clear out of his reach I felt any thing but security. *He*, I remembered, was for Calais; so that, by taking the Ostend boat, I was at once separating myself from his detestable companionship. I not only, therefore, accepted the captain's offer to leave all my effects to the charge of his steward, but no sooner had the train stopped than I sprang out, hastened through the thronged station, and made at all my speed for the harbor.

Is it to increase the impediments to quitting one's country, and, by interposing difficulties, to give the exile additional occasion to think twice about expatriating himself, that the way from the railroad to the dock at Dover is made so circuitous and almost impossible to discover? Are these obstacles invented in the spirit of those official details which make bans on the church-door, and a delay of three weeks, precede a marriage? as though to say, Halt, impetuous youth, and bethink you whither you are going! Are these among the wise precautions of a truly paternal rule? If so, they must occasionally even transcend the original intention, for when I reached the pier the packet had already begun to move, and it was only by a vigorous leap that I gained the paddle-box and thus scrambled on board.

"Like every one of you," growled out my weather-beaten friend; "always within an ace of being left behind."

"Every one of us!" muttered I. "What can he have known of the Potts family, that he dares to describe us thus characteristically? And who ever presumed to call us loiterers or sluggards?"

"Step down below, as I told you," whispered he. "It's a dirty night, and we shall have bucketing weather outside." And with this friendly hint I at once complied, and stole down the ladder. "Show that gentleman into my state-room, steward," called he out from above. "Mix him something warm, and look after him."

"Ay, ay, Sir," was the brisk reply, as the bustling man of brandy and basins threw open a small door, and ushered me into a little den, with a mingled odor of tar, stilton, and wet mackintoshes. "All to yourself here, Sir," said he, and vanished.

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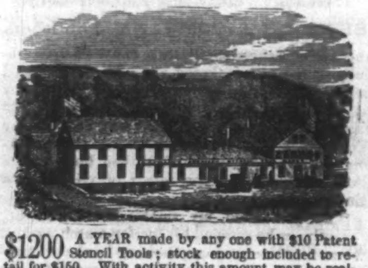

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